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A New Poem.

THE WIFE'S WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JANE EYRE."

Sit still—a word—a breath may break
As light as stirs a sleeping lake,
The glassy calm that soothes my woes,
The sweet, the deep, the full repose.
Oh move not not! for ever be
Thus, more than life itself to me!

You, whose bow-the thee bet me kneel—
Give me thy hand that I may feel
The friend so true—so tried—so dear.
My heart's own chosen—indeed is near:
And check me not—this hour divine
Belongs to me—to fully mine.

'Tis thy own hearth thou sit'st beside,
After long absence—wandering wide.
'Tis thy own wife reads in thine eyes,
A promise clear of stainless skies,
For faith and true love light the rays
Which shine responsive to her gaze.

Aye—well may single tear may fall,
Ere thousand might in their eyes recall,
Which from their fair lids, can blindly fast,
In heart of grief, yet scarcely past
Well may'st thou speak of love to me,
For—oh, more truly—I love thee!

Yet smile—for we are happy now
Whence then that sadness on thy brow?
Wint sayst thou? "We must once again
Live long, be severed by the main?"
I know not this—I deemed no more,
Thy step would ever stem Heaven's shore

"Duty commands"—I'm true—to-past
Thy slightest word I wholly trust,
Nor by request, nor faintest sigh
Would I, to turn thy purpose, try.
But, William—hear my sickness your
Hear—and consider well that fear

"Existence and suffering," did'st them say?
Danger by night, and toil by day?
Oh, idle words and vain are these
Hear—I—I—can well bear the woe,
Such fate as them must meet and dare,
I—say true wife—will duty share

Patience, at home, I will not pine
The more thy perils shall be mine
Great they would be hereafter said
By a warm heart's devoted aid
Tis granted—with that yielding kiss
Entered my soul unmingled bliss.

Thanks, William—thanks! thy love has joy,
Fear, hope, and sorrow, in one alloy
To not a pleasure, label and blind,
Inspires, one haste, absorbs my mind
Wonder I feel, nor thou to be
Loved with such perfect energy

This evening, now, shall sweetly flow
List by our clear fire's happy glow
And pasting's peace embittering fear,
In wasted, our hearts to come not near
For—see—behind my soul's decree—
In time or into—to go with thee!

Pictures of Life.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY MARY L. GILLIES.

"Shall you be very late to night?" This question was asked in a soft, low voice by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied, somewhat coldly, as, replacing his cigar between his lips, he turned away. There was carelessness rather than unkindness in his manner, and she looked after him more in sorrow than reproach. Taking the hand of her little boy, she slowly bent her steps homewards, with that drooping of the head which bespeaks sadness of the heart. It was a Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket which hung upon her arm. On reaching home—the very uppermost floor of a house in a poor but decent neighborhood, she raised the fire, seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter and sugar, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessaries she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of little Philip told her he was ready for his pillow. How tenderly was he taken to his lonely mother's lap—his prayer said at her knee—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snowy bed-gown. I recoiled to her bosom, she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again from the fire, to which she, every now and then, held her own palm, then pressing the soft feet, she kissed it playfully and pressed the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's first charming lessons; thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit, by his capable, but uninstructed mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation! and when kneeling on her lap, she joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweet accents of affection, and how lively passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

So far all was sweet, would it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was only increased by this, rather it craving for something more than sentiment, and cannot long be healthily denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as choice presents them: the gentler submit and suffer—often perish in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle, and sat down with the lonely woman's companion, her work basket. A damp sigh stole from her bosom. Still the careless needle was plied. Now and then she paused—it was to wipe away the tears that seemed gather on her lashes. She was just two and twenty, and had been four years married, during all of which time, with the best exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had been left, night after night, in loneliness. Philip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a homely good qualities: sober, and solicitous of securing to his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings, with a very small exception for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them to her disposal. But while thus trusting and liberal, he seemed to consider that he acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him. While he sought improvement for himself, it never occurred to him that it was her equal right—would be her equal advantage. While he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he never reflected on the utter privation of the companion he had entitled to her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a painstaking woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station, remarkably well. Her father's heart was ever flowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus nurtured by the cheerful spirits of their cherished children, a mutual sunshine had ever lighted up that lowly home, and given to it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At numerous hours would look back on it, her fond heart that had been employed to woo her from it as a dream; the worshipped words of love—the promises of devotion—of endeavors for her happiness—the mighty city in which she was to dwell—(which now appeared to her a mean of sand and stone), all exchanged for the desired Bride, with its sweet breath and bright atmosphere, had all tended to an undreamable disappointment; yet, in the ignorance of her heart, she could scarcely have stated of what she had to complain. She loved her husband; she was proud of his superior abilities; and made an mean estimate of his high moral character, such-hand, in the slightest degree, by the gross vices, which, secluded as was her life, she could not but perceive, marred many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privations. Compared with such men, she pressumbed herself that Philip's neglect was a very light and venial fault, and blaming herself for feeling it so much. But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have amply repaid cultivation, and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness, the art of social atmosphere, to keep them in health and life. Daily food was scarcely more necessary for her physical nature than the interchange of thought and kindliness was to her spiritual nature; all this her husband's habits, and the unsociable plans of life in England, and especially in London, denied her. It is true, except morality, she was uncultivated, but had talent and temperament that would soon have repaid a little kindly care. Too timid, too ignorant to plead her own cause, or urge her claims to him who had precluded appeal to others, she uncomplainingly lived on without change, without stimulus or excitement; shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking unrelieved the dull unvarying round of her domestic duties, with her spirit full of capabilities unemployed and unexpanded. She grew nervous and lowlie, her appetite and spirits failed, her tissue wasted, while, quiet and unrepining, almost unconscious of her malady, or its cause, consumption was rapidly developed. She was deemed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care enjoyed, while none guessed the quiet bearing of that subdued, devoting woman: it were the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to heighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

Summer, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had communed with her own meek heart, lifted it to her Maker, and remembered, with consolation, that it said, "those also serve who only stand and wait." She struggled on from day to day in the performance of her duties, amid many privations—the worst of all privations, that of mental development and social cheer—yet had she a conscious account in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavor had no doubt a register amid the higher archives of more favored minds. With the certainly that she was soon to long for this scene, she redoubled her exertions to put her little household in order. She repaired and made clothes for her child, and she had them stray, embalmed with tears. In the same manner she prepared little for her husband, and the energy which her frugality effected, were employed to purchase him sundry little comforts.

These will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think that while A will forget me, for better contented with his own only happiness was to remember him, and that I shall scarcely be more salutary in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he brought me."

Sometimes a little ink bottle was taken from the mantel shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table drawer, and then, with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper hid'den carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she made more endeavors of this kind than usual, and the struggling, unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her bright hazel eye, and glowing in her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink bottle restored to the shelf, and taking the candle she went out to the landing-place. She beheld her husband, assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm; it had been set—he had fainted during the operation—and with the ghastly aspect consistent to such circumstances, appeared before her.

That event penetrated Philip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength. But although unable to pursue his manual labors, Philip Morris soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social employment. He went to his club—to the Mechanics' Institute, to the coffee shops, where he could find the best selected books and the newspapers. All this was well done; he needed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care enjoyed, while none guessed the quiet bearing of that subdued, devoting woman: it were the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to heighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

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An inquest was held on her. Among the evidence was a singularly affecting memorial: it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner, who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words:—

"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you. Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now—You have been good and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, surely you will use day take another wife—Philip! that which you never gave to me, give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been untaught, teach her—at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never knew it, and therefore cannot tell how and the long hours—"

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart, as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation; but the second nature induced by habit had encrusted his original feeling and fanaticism—he had grown up to regard women as the mere machines of domestic life, with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which to "spirits masculine" he deemed as essential that he made much exercise to secure cultivation for himself.

Too late conviction dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a conviction that attended him through the remainder of his life, and if at any moment he felt the promptings of self-concentrated satisfaction, which the self taught and isolated man (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and more endowed) is apt to do, he thought of Susan, and felt humbled; he thought of her, and looked or read him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that has been furnished for all.—*London Eagle's Journal.*

Original Criticism.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

The new work of Miss Bremer's will be found all that her friends anticipate: a worthy addition to those beautiful pictures of domestic life in its alternate light and shadow, which surpass in truthfulness all others within the range of light literature. It will not disappoint the thousands of readers, who we know stand ready to welcome gladly and gratefully whatever may proceed from the large heart and loving spirit of this delightful writer. We can see by the new ideas brought forward that her mind has not remained stationary, but has been imbibing largely the charitable and philanthropic spirit of the age; that she has kept pace and hand shake benignantly upon, tenderly close to the joy and sorrow around her. The present work contains a character different from any she has heretofore portrayed—one whose creed might almost be called atheistical, but whose life of purity and benevolence is a daily offering to the spirit of goodness. Une, the sister affianced to a betrothed to Engel, a lovely and innocent young girl, the angel, as her name imports, of the Dalberg family, and imparts to her his peculiar views which deeply shook her reverent spirit. She concludes her grief to her sister, and the three talk over the matter together.

"Come and sit with us, Une, and talk with us, and—comfort us, if you can. Tell us, that Engel did not properly understand you—when she understood—when she believed that you—do not believe God—that you have no faith in Him."

"If you," replied Une, "mean by religion certain accepted notions about the being of the Creator and his relationship to men, which the Christian call religion—then—no, Nedwig, I do not believe in them; and Engel has understood me properly. But that you, for this reason, should look so gravely upon me; and that Engel, for this reason, should hide her face from me as if I were a criminal, is, I think, an injustice on your part. My opinions—my faith—is the result of my life, of my thoughts, from my childhood's hours. It is not a belief in the goodness of good, in the holiness of a sense of duty, and in the happiness of man if he fulfils its commands."

"And you do not believe," returned Hedvig, "you do not believe in a good, protecting Father of all the children of men, who has given an intuition to that life and labor which is cut off here by misfortune or death; who has compassion on the afflicted, and has expiated the crimes and frailties of all men? You do not believe that friends separated on earth, shall be reunited in a better land—after death?"

"I believe," replied Une, "as I already have said, that man can on earth create his own happiness; that he has directions for this in the arrangements of nature, and in the laws of his own mind. I believe that they who endeavor to do what is good and right, need no other reward than the witness of their own conscience. I have not known the need of any other, and I feel convinced that I shall not know it hereafter in the kingdom of spirits, where the highest law of my conscience and my reason."

Hedvig said nothing, but her eyes rested morrow fully upon Une, and her heart was full.

Une continued with a more excited voice. "But you must self contemn me with those disbelievers in a God whom I from my heart abhor, who scuff at that which is sacred to noble minds: who endeavor to destroy a faith and hope which the half of mankind do homage to, and regard as the highest consolation of life. Where is the reason, the reason of our life and death. Far be that from me, I respect that faith although I do not share it. But if I am not able to believe as you, and many others be—is that a fault, a crime?"

"No, Une," replied Hedvig, it is not indifference to religion, which has conducted me—to what people call unbelief. I have honestly enquired and investigated according to my ability, I have sought, and sought only for the truth. Even when I was convinced of its earliest religious instructions, I investigated and investigated in the same way, with an impossible desire for truth and consistency. The scepticism who prepared me for my confirmation gave a mind to piety and candour of life, but he was not the man to establish enlightened, a confirming and imparting mind. My questions were silenced and evaded, instead of being replied to; my doubts condemned instead of being enlightened, and thus that time became a time of darkness in my soul. The night fell of that which people termed light, and left behind it nothing but—a void. When, on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the tremulous candle, and the pale, patient watcher he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame, and fear, like a paralysis, invaded his heart; at length he exclaimed—"Susan! Susan, my dear!" There was no reply; he stepped further into the room—he repeated her name yet louder—all was still. He groped his way to the window, and, glancing down into my own breast, I found there the necessity for quickness and beauty which I recognized for the fundamental law of my being, and it was merely requisite for me to obey this to become happy and the promoter of happiness to others. Only, to fulfil the destination of my being. Thus, by degrees, was my view of life formed. And in this view indeed wicked and dark?"

"No, Une," replied Hedvig, "I do not think it but—it is sufficient! Ah! I see many dark regions in life where this light could not reach."

"I do not deny that it may be so" said Une; "but I must adhere to the light which I have found and which I know; every thing else is uncertain to me. I do not even know my own soul—but I call my light is regarded by many as darkness, and that Engel considers it so. I have therefore—you know it, Hedvig—for a long time hesitated to open my heart to her. I feared to darken her bright world. I love that by my gentleness I may lead her to the truth, and by submission to her its inmost recesses. But the hour is come, and I should not be honest, if I did not openly acknowledge, and if I did not candidly state my principles, that I do not share her faith and her hope."

"And you do not thank," inquired Hedvig, "that you can embrace opinions more consonable with hers?"

"I know," replied Une, "that people may change these convictions; I know many under a sick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words:—

"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you. Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now—You have been good and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, surely you will use day take another wife—Philip! that which you never gave to me, give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been

Our Portrait Gallery.

RICHARD I., CŒUR DE LION.

unconsolable glance to Hedvig, and then toward Heaven.

"And if it is so," continued Une, in a voice whose powerful emotion was, as it were, controlled by a stronger power—"if it is so, that her happiness, her innocent joy, can suffer by a union with me; that what you call my darkness can cast its shadows over her; in that case—yes, in that case I ought to be the first to require a separation. And how can I deny that circumstances may occur in which she may need a help and a stay in me, a greater than I can be? Hedvig which I do not see open; a support and a hope which the strong do not require? If her happiness is endangered in my breast, then I will rend her away from my breast, even with pain."

He could say no more. Silent and pale, he paced the room hastily, and then continued more calmly:

"But why only we, why only think of my influence upon her? Deepare the mysteries of love! Would that this soul could be united to mine in spirit to spirit, wonderful things are done. Nobody can endure my dream. And if there be truth in Engel's belief—it may, perhaps, become clear to me, may become a certainty to me through her, that there is a Being which is truth and love itself, will He not be found by those who seek for Him in sincerity and truth? And if there be not, and if life be confined to this short time on earth, still it is not beautiful to unite in love; to make one another happy while it lasts? But no! I will not, I ought not to persuade. I will not be selfish. I know now know me. Decide in freedom. Engel is released by me."

On another occasion in my life, I heard similar words to these," said Hedvig, after a little time of reflection. "I heard them some years ago from a lady—my friend. She also had no belief in the truths which both Pagans and Christians regard as the highest and most beautiful in life, and she died without hope of a life to come. Her death-bed was sorrowful; but her life—how true, how Christian, how penetrated was it with the purest spirit of love! What would she not do and suffer for her fellow-creatures! How infatigable, how strong and patient when she had to help, to attend on a sick bed! How tender and gentle was her righteousness! has likewise pronounced a blessing on these nameless worshippers, you, on all who, from the beginning of the world, have lived in love to truth and virtue. There are degrees in every thing; there is a more and a less, and there is no feeling, no activity in comprehensive and in activity. But, Hedvig, why should we separate the beams of the sun from the sun, and deny that they are a part of His life? The word of God does not do so. It shows clearly how they are connected. Man has separated what God united. But if man unwillingly acknowledged this divine connection, there would be a universal church established, and the scattered hosps would be assembled upon earth. Then would the invisible church, which was and which is, be made visible, and many words of knowledge themselves to be Christians, who now do not do so. But wherever I see a man, who lives in purity, and who labors in true love, there I see a member of that universal, eternal church, because I believe with the Apostle, that 'all they who are impelled by the spirit of God, are His children.'"

"What good your words do me, Augusta!" said Hedvig; they seem as if they had the breezes and the light of morning in them, I become so assured and so hopeful. And Une is certainly one of those of whom you speak?"

"Yes, he is. He deserves, of a certainty, to have the praise and joy of the Christian, because he has the Christian dispensation. And I consider it as very probable that his marriage with Engel may lead to a change in his mode of thinking. I have known more than one man who has fulfilled the highest questions of life very superficially until he became a husband and a father, and asked him only, 'What shall I say to my child? what shall I give it as a story, and as an object on life and in my breast, then I will rend her away from my love, even with pain.'

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And the hour swept by. Dusk came on the landing with wheel-barrows, and the boat was disencumbered of its gloomy load. With sinking hearts, those children sat down upon the shore, watching each load as it was trundled away. At length, they brought the coffin in which their hearts rested, and laid it across a hand barrow. They arose, silently, and followed it hand and hand. They turned into an orchard; the blossoming apple boughs drooped over the coffin as it passed under them. A host of birds made the fragrant air tremble with their songs. The single wheel of the hand-barrow crushed hundreds of wild flowers down in the tender grass. Once more it seemed like a dream to those young hearts. Surely, surely it could not be her grave they were approaching through all this labyrinth of blossoms!

All at once they came into an open space. The world of flowers was left behind. Thickets and broken hillocks were on the right and left. A sweep of green sward fell gently down to the water, and here the turf was torn up, and long deep ridges of the fresh soil swept downward toward the shore. Around these ridges the young grass lay trampled and dead. Some were heaped high with fresh mould, and there was one deep trench upon half the way down, into which a man leaped with a careless oath, while the others handed down the coffins ranged on either side the trench. The children crept trembling to the edge of this pit, and looked down. A cry of horror burst from their pale lips. They recoiled, shuddering, from the brink, and, creeping to the coffin they had come to watch, flung their little arms over it.

As old nature rose up from the trench, casting down his spade and dashing the soil from his hands, rejoicing that his task was over for that day, but his eyes fell upon the mournful group we have described.

"What, another yet," he muttered, with sullen discontent, and he moved forward. The little graves in the forest had almost been forgotten—they had been left so long. Without much apparent emotion, they had consigned their dead to the keep of Heaven, and from them they shrank shuddering and appalled.

As the boat swept by Boat Gate, coolness and more fearful change came over them. The glorious beauty of nature comforted them no longer—not of death. The frightful jokes of the crowd—the boiling waters, leaping up only a few yards off, in long glittering flashes, like banners of silver, torn and scattered by the breeze. The sky bending over the deeply blue, and the sun shining with all his might. The ribald exclamations of those meager men, and the death heap under which the sluggish boat rolled through the waters. All these sharp contrasts were enough to have unsettled the senses of strong men, but these children, with their soul and heartbroken—it brought strange and fearful excitement. Their hands were interlinked, a thrill of keen magnetic sympathy shot through their frames. They looked at the bright water leaping and flashing in the sunshine. A wild temptation came over them, to spring from the sides of that death heap into the sparkling flood. This thrilling desire assailed them both at once—their hands clung closer—their eyes, a moment before so heavy and sad, flashed with intense meaning. They crept close to the side of the boat.

"We are alone—we are all alone in the wide, wide world," said Isabella, in a low voice that thrilled through and through the heart that listened.

Isabella leaned over the boat, her long hair swept downward—she was gazing wistfully into the water.

"One spring, Mary, and we both leave a home."

The child stood up, her foot was on the edge of the boat, her face was turned toward Mad Gate.

"Isabella," she said, while as it from a wild dream, and flung her arms around the pale girl's neck, "I think that God will help me—teach me. I feel myself so happy, Hedvig—so calm and so filled with hope. Une is so good! I believe that I like him better than ever, now, because I think he is to be pitied, because he is not happy. Heaven—then I know not who can. But she, and some others whom I have known, have made me think that there is a faith, a secret love of God, in the human heart, which operates separately from the conscious faith, and effects and guides the soul without their being aware of it themselves. Such persons may deserve the very highest esteem, and admiration, and love, but—I have not found them happy, or, more properly, able to make those dear to them happy!"

Hedvig afterwards talks with her brother Augustin, and he consoles her with words of elevated wisdom worthy the angelic spirit that he in described to be.

Hedvig then said, "It is, however, universally when husbands and wives think differently on the highest and most important questions of life. They then can never properly become one."

"No," replied Augustin, "not in all belief, all hope, but truly so in the one essential—in all love. And know you, Hedvig? since I have more closely studied the history of the human soul, and have become acquainted with excellent men of great dissimilarity of views in religion, politics, and science, I have arrived at the conviction, that those differences—which often are merely like differences in the organs of the senses, and which are in relation to the design of the Almighty with regard to us and life. He allows people to be born with dissimilar organs and under dissimilar influences, in order that they may take hold of the dissimilar sides of life and truth, and that thus, by means of them, the whole manifold substance of truth may be developed, like links in the great chain of thought, like preparatory theses and anti theses to the great synthesis.

"And it is precisely these differences which might rightly to embrace, to advance, and to develope the only unity, in which we all can fully become one, and become one with God. People say so much about unity. But I do not trouble myself with respect to any uniformity, any unity of manner of thought. Let us, in Heaven's name, be different. The combat is not the evil. It arouses, and causes development. Bitterness and dishonesty in the combat are evil. And they must be done away with. The spirit of love is the only true unity, and in external is our search after truth, honest and chivalrous toward one another. Then may one hope, upon whatever side of the question, or the conviction, we may find ourselves, that we may be sustained and in the hands of Providence for the advancement of His plan."

Augustin was silent for a moment, and then continued:—

"It is, for the real, very difficult, even day, to say who is a Christian, or who is not. I know no better proof of this, than the disposition and the life of Christ. Only he who is penetrated by love of the world that we are in the midst of its current, drawn on by its knowledge, even without our own consciousness of it. In manners, in laws, in social life, in literature, every where do we meet with its light and its spirit. And it is guided by it, in its Christian, although he should mistake its origin. And the voice which cries through the world, "Blessed are the pure in heart! the merciful! the peacemakers! by what longer and fuller right can we, the sorrowful, who hunger and thirst after righteousness? has likewise pronounced a blessing on these nameless worshippers, you, on all who, from the beginning of the world, have lived in love to truth and virtue. There are degrees in every thing; there is a more and a less, and there is no feeling, no activity in comprehensive and in activity. But, Hedvig, why should we separate the beams of the sun from the sun, and deny that they are a part of His life? The word of God does not do so. It shows clearly how they are connected. Man has separated what God united. But if man unwillingly acknowledged this divine connection, there would be a universal church established, and the scattered hosps would be assembled upon earth. Then would the invisible church, which was and which is, be made visible, and many words of knowledge themselves to be Christians, who now do not do so. But wherever I see a man, who lives in purity, and who labors in true love, there I see a member of that universal, eternal church, because I believe with the Apostle, that 'all they who are impelled by the spirit of God, are His children.'"

"What good your words do me, Augustin!" said

A PREDICTION.—Lord Byron, on the 14th January, 1821, wrote in his journal as follows: "Dined.—news came the powers mean to war with the people. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so; they will be beaten in the end—the King comes are fast flushing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist, but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it."

Original Tales.

THE PET
FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

A long heavy boat lay at the Bellevue wharf. In the bow sat half a dozen paupers resting upon the seats, and only starting up now and then to range the coffins that came from a little brick building near the wharf in wheel-barrow loads to be placed in the stern of the boat. A name was marked rudely in chalk upon the lid of each coffin, and this was all that those who brought them down knew or cared about the senseless forms they carried. Out from that dead house, along the wharf, were they trundled amid a swarm of loungers, who helped eagerly to lower them into the boat—and after each load came that hideous idiot rubbing his hands and muttering his horrid glee over the evil time.

It was the last cart load at Bellevue, and he gathered in those pine coffins by tens and twenties each day. That morning the weight of twenty four human beings, all breathing souls fifteen hours before, sunk that stout boat to the water's edge. The last coffin was placed on board. Isabella Ferrer, Crofts accompanied it, followed by two little girls, when the silent would have run after this also. Crofts spurred the creature back with his fist, and angrily told him to leave the wharf. With his own hands he helped to lower that coffin into the boat, and those paupers that could read saw Jane Chester's name chalked upon the lid. Through the coffin's sides a faint odor of flowers, as Crofts sallied his hands gently down across an empty seat, and which the rude sail cloth was thrown over, and over the rest, he laid a strip of clean, coarse linen over this coffin, then clambering over to the man who sat with the helm in his hand, he whispered some directions to him in a low voice.

"What, up to Randall's Island, take those two children up to the Island almost back again. It can't be done, I tell you," said the man, sullenly. I won't undertake it without the Superintendent's order, not then if I can help myself."

"Oh, let us go with her, pray take us!" cried Mary Fuller, who was accustomed to the man, while Isabella knelt over the wharf, her hands clasped and her eyes full of helpless woe.

The pauper captain neither heeded the pleading cry of Mary Fuller, or the more touching look of Isabella, but with all the human sympathy that Crofts he turned a deaf ear. At length Crofts found a means of persuasion more potent than tears or words. He took from his pocket, four twists of coarse tobacco, which the captain received with a grunt, and adding the largest to his own, and coarsest chew, he stowed the rest away in his pocket. Then he cast off the fastenings of the boat, and sent it like a fish, and for that preparatory ordeal at once which enables her to speak with such marvellous insight to all who suffer. The following passage expresses a sentiment, which, by harmonizing with her own humble and keen, many cheerfulness, runs through all that she has written.

"If there be one thought which I, in prominence to all others, would improve upon the heart of every sufferer, it is this: that suffering is a great kingdom; that it is a great school, and in the mind into the depths of life, and elevates the intensity of the feelings, that it is a power of development.

"And at the three men of whom the Scriptures speak, had not had to pass through the seven-fold heated furnace, they would not have rolled up that excellent song of thanksgiving, in which they call upon day and night, sun and stars, fire and frost, lightning and snow, mountain and bush, sea and ocean; all creation and all men; all angels and all purified souls, all the unhappy and all the elected, to praise the Lord and His power, which is, and which works eternally—*His love.*"

The last boat was ready to put off when these children reached the shore. They sat down close together, hand in hand, but without much apparent emotion. They were completely prostrated; they had lost all power, the power to suffer or to weep.

"We were ordered to leave you at the nurseries. Do you wish to go there?" inquired the Captain.

Isabella looked up inquiringly, and Mary answered, "Oh, let us go with her, pray take us!"

"Would you not rather go back to the city, or to Bellevue?" persisted the man, determined to force them into conversation; but still the child answered, "Oh, let us go with her."

And this mild and passive sorrow was more touching than their worst agony had been. They seemed like two wounded birds bleeding to death without a struggle.

CHAPTER XV.

About half an hour's sail from Bellevue is one of the most beautiful little islands that you ever set eyes upon. Just where the banks of the East River are the most broken and picturesque on the New York shore, and the sunny slopes of Long Island are most opulent in their arcadian beauty, the river opens its bright waters, and Blackwell's Island rises, green, verdant and beautiful, from its azure bosom. Originally, even now, that island; but it was some so years ago, when its hollows were fragrant with wild roses, and haunted with black-birds and thrushes; when its shores were hedged in with the snow-white hog-wood, wild cherry and maple trees, joined together with scarlet ivy, and when a honeysuckle vine, that now sung along its shores, like torn banners, left on a battle field. Then, the island must have seemed a mile's length of Paradise dropped into the waters—but now, alas. Blackwell's Island has other associations than those of singing birds and the sweet wild blossoms. Its extremities are burdened and crushed down, as it were, to the very water's edge, with edifices of massive stone, while human crime and human misery are crowded together on masses appalling to reflect upon.

On one end of the island, naturally so quiet and beautiful, rise the rugged walls of the Penitentiary, flanked out-houses, hospitals and offices, every stone of which is eloquent of human degradation. Here, a thousand wretched beings, bowed with misery, and branded with crime, are crowded together. All the day long, herds of these degraded beings may be seen in their course and indeed oneness, burrowing in the earth, blasting and shaping the rocks that are to form new prison walls, and filling the sweet air with groans and curses, which once thrilled only to the summer-bird songs.

At the other extremity of the island stands the Insane Asylum, a beautiful pile, towering proudly over a scene of misery that is enough to make the heart tremble with awe and sympathy. From its grated windows you may hear every sound, horrid or pathetic, in which the insane mind expresses its ravings. At one window is a wild face, peering through the bars, and looking wistfully at the passer-by, with eyes full of entreaty, and the wan hand waving fainter and fainter, as the wild gesture is unheeded; from another, shrieks ring out upon the water, as the poor maniac calls for his mother to come out from the woods—a beautiful grove that rises afar off on the Long Island shore:

"Mother—mother—come—come—I have waited—I have pleaded—I have prayed for you to come. Mother! mother!"

This is the daily cry of a poor German boy.—The fisherman hears it as he glides by the walls of that gloomy Mad House, and lifts his oar with a sort of terror, as if his own freedom were a mockery to the poor creatures blocked up by those massive and iron gut walls from the sweet sunny air—the passengers that dust by in our palace steamboats, sometimes hear a wild shout, rising even above the noise of the engine, and see an arm thrust wildly through the iron bars of the window where this boy is confined—and in the still night, that cry of "mother, mother, come," rings over the woods, and dies in plaintive murmurs amid the rose and tarmeut of "Hell Gate."

Other sounds there are moving from that dismal dwelling—curses that chill the blood—pleadings that melt a heart of stone—wild, riotous laughter, and wit, often more keen and satirical than sprang from the most brilliant intellect. Besides all this amount of living misery, every association, painful or horrid, seems crowded in this beautiful spot. There is a beautiful mound scarcely a stone's throw from the water, and surmounted by a neatly trimmed apple tree, with here and there some pretty bilbeck, left by the gardener, a pleasant object to greet the poor maniac as he gazes from the window of his cell. Quiet and verdant it seems, with the calm sunshine sleeping on it, and the shadow of the cherry, and the fine old locust trees. Yet the mound, as if nothing here beautiful had ever touched its surface. Yet that is the gallows tree! Under its young boughs, year after year, were the fatal timbers reared, from which one human soul after another was precipitated into eternity. Blood and tears and heart broken agony, have watered that grass, as bright and beautiful, has been trodden over and over by the executioners. Those young boughs have trembled to the death agony of many a wretched convict, legally murdered, amid the shouts, the scorn, the horrors of hell below men—and yet the view from that tree is so beautiful!—The blue expanse of the river sweeps around, one broad mirror of sunshine and water; the shores all around are indented into fairy promontories, and rise on the most beautiful slopes that ever gave back the early light of morning. Directly in front, the white cottages of those cosier men, and the death heap under which the sluggish boat rolled through the waters. All these sharp contrasts were enough to have unsettled the senses of strong men, but these children, with their soul and heartbroken—it brought strange and fearful excitement. Their hands were interlinked, a thrill of keen magnetic sympathy shot through their frames. They looked at the bright water leaping and flashing in the sunshine. A wild temptation came over them, to spring from the sides of that death heap into the sparkling flood. This thrilling desire assailed them both at once—their hands clung closer—their eyes, a moment before so heavy and sad, flashed with intense meaning. They crept close to the side of the boat.

"We are alone—we are all alone in the wide, wide world," said Isabella, in a low voice that thrilled through and through the heart that listened.

Isabella leaned over the boat, her long hair swept downward—she was gazing w

For City Readers.

THE OLD TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA.—This name, signifying the "City of Brotherly Love," was determined upon before the original settlers left England. The site of the town was not agreed upon, and it was some time after the arrival of the first vessels before it was finally pitched upon. Upland (Chester) being at that time, the only village, all the first settlers landed there, and finding a town already built, it was very natural for many of them to propose that as the situation of the intended great city. But Penn thought it too near the line claimed by Lord Baltimore—the fortieth degree of latitude—and determined to select a place farther up the Delaware. The first site chosen was on the south side of the Poquessing Creek, near Risdon's Ferry, formerly the "Bake house," and it is said that the town plot was surveyed there, and that at another period a portion of Pennsbury Manor, opposite the present Bordentown, was chosen. But the fine elevation of the land at Coquanock, (which signifies the grove of long pine trees,) with the nearness to the Schuylkill, considered a very important river, determined the choice of the present site. The Delaware front was a bluff of at least twenty-five feet elevation, from the Navy Yard up to the Cohocksinck, or Pegg's Run. Pegg was settled there shortly after the arrival of Penn, and owned the land from the Cohocksink to the Cohocksinck. All the Northern Liberties titles are derived through him and Jurian Hartsfelder, who sold the land to him, having taken it up in 1676, by grant from Governor Lovelace, of New York. The site of Coquanock had many advantages besides the high lands. Springs were plentiful, and the Dock Creek was a spacious and fine harbor.

The town and borough of Philadelphia was located in the latter part of 1682, having a high and dry bank next the water, with a shore "ornamented with a fine view of pine trees growing upon it." The celebrated treaty was made at Shackamaxon (the place of eels) December, 1682. Measures were then taken to lay out the city, under the direction of the Surveyor General, Thomas Holme. At the time of the arrival of Penn, most of the ground which was selected for the site of the city was owned by three Swedes, Swensons, but they relinquished it to Penn, and received in exchange a tract on the Schuylkill, near the Swedes' Ford. It may not be amiss to mention here, that at first no person was allowed to purchase city lots alone. The intention of the Proprietary was to lay out a town covering ten thousand acres, and the town lots were apportioned to the purchase of land in the other counties. Thus every purchaser of five thousand acres in the country was also to receive one hundred acres of land in the great town. The project of laying out a town covering ten thousand acres was found impracticable. The city, as laid out, contains but eleven hundred and eighty acres; consequently the amount actually received by each settler was much less than first contemplated. In the first year after the site was chosen, eighty houses were built.

It is a matter worthy of note that the city is not laid out according to the original plan. Holme's map shows three or four north and south streets, extending from Vine to South street, on the west side of the river Schuylkill. They are intersected by the same cross streets as those on the eastern side, and there is no doubt but they were considered a part of the city proper, for surveys of lots upon them, and patents issued for them as city lots, are now on record. This part of the city was called "West Philadelphia," from whence arrives the name still applied to "Hamilton Village."

Another, and much more astonishing fact is, that in the city plan as laid down in Holme's map, Broad street is the Eleventh street from both Delaware and Schuylkill, having ten streets on each side of it. Reed's map, published in 1777, has the city plot the same way; but that map was, as to the city plan, a copy of Holme's map. As the streets are now laid out, Broad street is the fourteenth street from the Delaware and the ninth street from the Schuylkill—though the whole number of streets are the same (twenty-three) as laid down in Holme's map. Another matter noticeable is, that on that map the Centre Square is equidistant from the four other public squares now designated Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Logan, the nearest boundaries being on a parallel five squares off. Now the western boundaries of Washington and Franklin Squares are seven streets off, while Rittenhouse and Logan Squares are but four streets off. The only manner in which these inconsistencies can be accounted for is this. Holme's map, although correct in the topography of the country, was made in England before the settlers sailed. It was, therefore, a fancy sketch. It is believed that at the first survey after their arrival, the streets were placed as they are now. Broad street was made the fourteenth instead of the eleventh street. The natural formation of the ground may have caused the alteration, but the most probable supposition is, that its situation was changed so that it might have a good opportunity to extend to the best portion of League Island, a situation, which, perhaps, was thought would be one day valuable. If so, we are just realizing the benefits of the far sighted views of Penn and his associates. It is certain that the streets were laid down as now, for patents at a very early day were granted for land in Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, which are on record.

NORTHERN LIBERTIES.—The general name "Liberty Lands" was given to the tract of ground north and west of Philadelphia, extending northwardly as far as Frankford Creek, and westwardly to Mill Creek, beyond the Schuylkill. They were divided into the "Northern" and "Western" Liberties. The Liberties were laid out at the same time as the city, and were reserved to be granted to subsequent purchasers of tracts of land in the country, and were to be divided off and conveyed to their appurtenant city lots. There not being sufficient land within the bounds of the city proper, the "Liberty Lands" were reserved to compensate for the deficiency. The name "Northern Liberties" was given to the tract of land at the "north end of the town" at a very early day. The greater portion of the soil in the district was vested in Jurian Hartsfelder as early as 1676, by patent from Gov. Andros, of New York. He sold it to Daniel Pegg, a Quaker, (from whom Pegg's Run derived its name.) Pegg sold a portion to Coates, and the greater part belonged to various members of that family until after the Revolution. In 1756 the district got the name of "Camptown," from the fact of the barracks for the British soldiers being located there; they extended from Second to Third, and from Tammany to Green street. The officers' quarters were on Third street, in the building now occupied as the Commissioners' Hall. The Northern Liberties included Kensington, a small place called Ballston, and what is now the greater part of Spring Garden—being bounded on the west by Springettsburg Manor and Bush Hill. The place called Ballston was afterwards, about the Revolution, called Richmond, and is so designated in Aker's map, published in 1777. The Cohocksink Creek, which flows through the district, was once a considerable stream. The Governor's mill for grinding grain was erected on the site of the present Globe Mills, and in 1702 was greatly patronized, access to it, in vessels, by the way of the creek, being quite easy. The district was incorporated in 1803.

SOUTHWARK.—The district of Southwark was incorporated about 1794, and derived its name from one of the adjacent parishes to the city of London. The portion of the town south of Dock Creek was at first called "Society Hill," because the ground there, down to the boundary of the Wiccaco lands owned by the Swansons, had originally been purchased by the "Society of Free Traders," which was formed in London and Bristol prior to the coming of the first settlers. More latterly it was called the "South End," in contradistinction of the "North End," or Northern Liberties. From this designation, the change to "Southwark" was natural and easy. The improvement of the district has been very slow in comparison to other districts; and as late as forty-five years ago, Catharine and Queen streets were not laid out further than Second street. We find the name "Southwark" at an early day. In 1743, Secretary Peters, in a letter to Thomas Penn, says—"Southwark is getting greatly disfigured, by erecting irregular and mean houses, thereby so marring its beauty that when thou shall return, thou will quite miss thy pretty walk to Wiccaco."—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.*

A CARELESS WORD.

"A word is ringing through my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had no meaning more than all,
Which in an idle hour may fall;
It was, when first the sound I heard,
A lightly uttered, careless word.
* * * * * * *
Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly uttered, careless word."

MAJOR NOAH'S AGE.—The Major thus answers a correspondent:—"Clarence H., begs to know our age. How is it the ladies take greater interest in the fate of an old fellow than they do of the young? We have no particular objection to telling our age. We are ten years younger than Mr. Ritchie, of the Washington Union, and he is the most sprightly, active and extraordinary man of his years in the country. We are younger than Mr. Van Buren, who has not yet arrived at the age of discretion."

We wonder if the Major is any relative to old Noah?

THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY.—Chevalier calculates that the putting in common all the present wealth of France would give about seventeen cents a day to each Frenchman. He maintains that the physical amelioration of the lot of the laboring classes—town and country—absolutely requires an increase of production. "We have not," he says, "enough of articles of clothing to cover ourselves comfortably; not enough of food for wholesome and adequate nourishment, nor means altogether for the furnishing, ... and so forth that we need."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second story*, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY ROAD

Some weeks since a friend handed us a copy of the American Railroad Journal, containing an ably written article headed the "Camden and Amboy Railroad, its Privileges and Abuses." In this we find some very serious charges against the company in question, supported by alleged facts and figures, (of the correctness of which we know nothing,) and advanced with the boldness of one who, whether he be mistaken or not, believes what he asserts to be the truth. The principal charge against the Company, or rather against the managers, is that "the road is farmed by them and used for their own profit, without reference to the interests of the stockholders."

We have also had upon our table for some weeks, an "Address of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies, to the People of New Jersey," which has been called out in reply to the numerous charges made against these companies, and by the recent application to Congress to grant power to make a rival road.

We have neither the time nor the necessary data to enter into an investigation of the truth of the serious charge above referred to, against the Camden and Amboy Company, or rather its management; and without such an investigation it would be the height of injustice to take sides upon the question. The proper authority to enquire whether such abuses have existed, or do now exist, is the Legislature of New Jersey. A committee of the Legislature, invested with full powers of investigation, could determine what it is, perhaps, impossible for the public to determine—the guilt or innocence of the Directors. To such an inquiry, whenever and as often as it may be demanded by a respectable portion of the public, the managers of the Company, it seems to us, if they be innocent, would oppose no direct or indirect obstacle.

We have upon several occasions expressed our own dissatisfaction with the general management of this road; and we are glad to learn that the complaints of the press have not been entirely without effect. More of a disposition, we are informed, has been shown by the company, or rather its directors, to accommodate the public, within the last six months, than has ever before been manifested. But still things are far from being arranged as they ought to be by so important and lucrative a line. Note, for instance, the mean little boat that is used to carry passengers between this city and the depot at Camden. There is scarcely room to huddle the passengers, like sheep, in the space not occupied by the baggage. A friend of ours who came over in the boat about a month since, said that one of the cars came as near killing or maiming some half dozen passengers, as could well be without doing so. Too much of an impetus had been given to the car, and it was impossible to stop it—nothing but its striking against a portion of the boat, could have prevented it from dashing into a crowd of passengers, and seriously injuring a number of them.

But the main objection to the road is the high rate of fare for "through" passengers. A most singular and unjust distinction is made in the rates per mile between these and "way" passengers. Upon the general principle, which the almost universal practice of the world sanctions as a correct one, that he who purchases by the wholesale should be charged less than he who buys by the retail, the "through" passenger should pay less per mile than the mere "way" passenger. But we learn from the Address of the Company, that while "way" passengers are only charged at the rate of 1 cent 7¼ mills per mile, "through" passengers have to pay 3 cents 2¼ mills—or rather more than double. Now if the Company can afford to carry "way" passengers at 1 cent 7¼ mills per mile, we do not see why they cannot afford to carry "through" passengers at the same rate—which would be, as we calculate it, not more than $1.58 between Philadelphia and New York, instead of $3.00 and $4.00 as at present.

The Directors, in Appendix A, attached to their report, make the *average* charge, per mile, for "way" and "through" passengers, 2 cents 6½ mills. We are sorry to say that this is a mistake—that is, if they calculate this average *as all the others are calculated*, not only with a bare reference to the price per mile, but with a reference to the number of passengers, and the number of miles travelled. We think, if they will overlook the calculation, they will find that the average is over 3 cents per mile, for both "way" and "through" passengers.

We cannot say we admire the tone of the Address in question. The Directors take great praise to themselves, for risking their money, in the first place, upon the *chance* of the success of this road. They may deserve praise, but we are yet to learn that they did more than thousands of others have done, and are doing now, every day of the year. The enterprise succeeded, and it is right the Company should enjoy the fruits of their success; but their deserts are not so great, that they should be allowed, without rebuke, in a spirit of excessive and unworthy greediness, to lay burdens upon trade and intercourse, injurious to the interests of two great cities, and the intervening country. The Directors seem to wonder that the applause which the Company received upon the completion of their enterprise, is so soon turned to rebuke. They cannot understand it. They imagine it popular fickleness. But the truth is, that this is a progressive age, and children no longer wonder at what men, formerly, were astonished. The Company have not advanced with the age; and they utter most ludicrous and amusing exclamations of wonder, because the public are dissatisfied. Just as reasonably might Louis Philippe, or any other ex-monarch, give vent to his astonishment, that the people should not be satisfied with them in 1848, when they threw up their caps to see a king some few years previous. Times change, oh most puissant and grandiloquent Directors! What satisfied us "in the moment of transition," as you rightly name it—the transition from coaches and wagons to railroads—does not satisfy us now. Whether the public are foolish for being dissatisfied, or you foolish for expecting them to be otherwise, it might be uncourteous to you—great and honorable dignitaries, as some of you are—to determine.

The Address states that the average fare of all the railroads and their *branches* in twenty different states, 117 in number, is 3 cents and a little over 5 mills per mile; and compares this with their own rate of 3 cents and 5¼ mills for "through" passengers—with what grounds for satisfaction with themselves we are unable to see. They certainly cannot mean that the public ought to be satisfied because the fare on perhaps the most favorably located road in the country, is no higher than the general average of roads of all kinds, in twenty states, including those through North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and other sparsely settled portions of the Union. But some men are so far removed above the "common herd" in wisdom, that they think the "common herd" aforesaid—those, who, as the Address says, "*have nothing of their own to appropriate*"—are a little more ignorant than they really are. Now when the public look at table B, attached to the Address, and find that the average rate of *all* the railroads in Massachusetts for first and second class passengers is only 2 cents per mile, they cannot understand why the Camden and Amboy road, for the same classes of passengers, should demand 3½ cents per mile. And although this deficiency of understanding may excite the ire of the aforesaid Directors, it is probable that as the years roll on, it will increase rather than diminish.

But we have occupied already too much space with this subject. We may conclude by saying, that while we have no desire to see the Company lose money by putting down the fare too low between this city and New York, we rise from the perusal of their Address and the accompanying tables, better satisfied than ever that an average rate of two cents a mile—the rate charged by the Lowell Road, the Boston and Maine Road, one-third of a cent more than is charged by the New York and Erie road—would amply compensate them. This would be $1.80 between New York and Philadelphia. Nevertheless, as the Directors appear to be, by their language, men of the last century rather than of the present, we would be satisfied for the time being, so far as the fare is concerned, if they would put down the rate for *all first class passengers, going either by the way of Amboy or of New Brunswick, to $2.50.*

A WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

Conventions are all the go now-a-days, and as we profess to keep up with the world, we find our hands full in chronicling their proceedings.

The Women's Convention was held at Rochester. The object of it was to assert the rights of their sex, trampled upon, as was said, since the time of Adam and Eve, by man. A Mr. W. C. Nell, a gentleman who figures in the proceedings of the Convention, being probably taken captive for the occasion, and exhibited as a proof of woman's prowess, "denounced man as a tyrant, and termed woman the better part of creation."

Mrs. Mott, of this city, however—she who was once styled by the pure-spirited Channing, "that beautiful ensample of womanhood"—took exception to this general denunciation and over acting of his part, by Mr. Nell. She said that "man was not by nature a tyrant, but had been made tyrannical by the power which by general consent had been conferred upon him."

This was very well thought of—for if it was voted that man was "*by nature*" a tyrant, man might very plausibly retort that he was by nature as woman made him. Which would be an answer hard to get over.

What our women friends contend for, as Mrs. Mott explained it, is "equal rights, and to be acknowledged as the equal of man, not his superior." Mrs. Sandford, of Michigan, said, "Give us the rights of property and the right of exercising the elective franchise." Mrs. Sandford also said, according to the report before us, "We can be as dutiful and obedient as wives, mothers, and daughters, even if we do hang the wreath of domestic happiness on the eagle's talons"—but what precisely she meant by it, we are unable to determine. Catch us, if we were in any woman's place, "hanging the wreath of domestic happiness on an eagle's talons."

As to this matter of voting, we confess that a great deal might be said on both sides, and we are ready to listen to a great deal from the mouth of the first pretty woman that thinks us worth converting. We would argue, on our part, that it would introduce the demon of political discord into the domestic circle, blight all the fresh, neutral ground of life with the hot and arid breath of party, and immeasurably increase out-door excitement by allowing no cessation of political strife within doors. The dove of peace and harmony would find then, we are afraid, no olive branch in its wanderings over the huge, tossing ocean of American life.

We might argue, also, that though woman is the equal of man, she is not precisely similar to man—that naturally her faculties are different. And, that a difference of faculties implied a difference of spheres.

On the other side, we know it might be said that the influence of woman would calm down the stormy billows of politics; and infuse a milder and more humane spirit into legislation. And that, as a difference between individual men is not alleged as a reason why certain men should not vote, neither should the general difference between man and woman operate to debar the latter from the exercise of the elective franchise. But, as we are not bound to find the pretty lady, referred to, in arguments, we will say no more on this side of the question.

In conclusion, however, we may take the liberty of expressing our opinion that these female reformers will find more difficulty in converting their own sex than the men—if they once succeed in getting all the women on one side, the men will yield almost without a struggle—notwithstanding they are such "*tyrants*."

OUR AMBASSADORS.

It is a pity that American ambassadors to monarchical countries, cannot bear constantly in mind that they represent a Republic, and that however well it may be to make a good impression upon the nations to whom they are sent, it is of greater importance to represent truly the character and principles of their own government.

We notice that Mr. Bancroft, our Minister to England, has been making a speech at the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, in which he gave utterance to some sentiments that it would have been far better to leave unsaid. Mr. Bancroft, in the course of his speech, took occasion to utter the following fulsome compliments to England and her institutions:

"I can only say that any one who comes from any quarter of the world to spy out the nakedness of the land in England *will have to go home for his pains.* [Loud cheers.] He can see nothing here but a *united people.* [Great cheering.] He can see nothing here but a nation that loves English liberties, and that is determined to maintain and advance them under the influence of judgment, of reason, and of the public weal. [Cheers.] He can see nothing here but a *society bound together in the firmest arch, and the keenest cannot detect a crevice.*"

A pretty Republican and Democrat—a pretty representative of a Republic, truly! Mr. Bancroft can see nothing in England, but a "*united people*"—he can see no Chartists, no oppressed and starving Irish, no dejected Sheffield grinder, no degraded factory operative, no down-trodden classes that hate the classes that tread them down! No, Mr. Bancroft has only eyes for his noble entertainers, and cannot even "*see*" anything but a "*united* people."

He can see no flaw either in the aristocratic and monarchical structure of the English Government, he can see "*nothing but a society bound together in the firmest arch*"—not only this, he goes further, and volunteers the assertion that "*the keenest cannot detect a crevice.*"

Is not this shameful adulation for an American ambassador to be guilty of? Does not Mr. Bancroft know that the political power of Great Britain is in the hands of a small *minority*? Is the denial of the right of suffrage to seven-eighths of the people no "*crevice*" in the political arch? Mr. Bancroft must know these things; or perhaps he is so engrossed by Royal Agricultural Societies, and other Royal and Aristocratical affairs, that he is not conscious of the efforts now making by the English Reformers, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to restore to the great body of the people the rights so unjustly withheld.

Mr. Bancroft cannot certainly be a Republican—for no man, whose Republicanism was of the heart, and not of the lips, could ever speak of the political institutions of Great Britain in the tone of exaggerated praise which we have quoted. But if he is not a Republican at heart, he is not a fitting representative of the United States of America.

RAILROADS.

The Providence Journal says, that on the Auburn and Syracuse Railroad, a plan has been devised and carried into effect, to prevent the noise which causes so much annoyance on railroads. The plates in general use are abolished, and the ends of the rails are connected by dowel pins, entering about 1½ inches. The cars glide over the rails without any disagreeable jarring. With this contrivance, with the sprinkler and the smoke pipe, and with locomotives that will carry a train forty miles an hour, it thinks that railroad travelling may be said to be about up to the times.

Ah, blessed New Englanders and New Yorkers!—you have sprinklers, smoke pipes, and we know not what else. But if we poor Pennsylvanians and Jerseymen open our mouths to ask a share of the good things going, from our railroad companies, their astonishment is only equalled by that of Mr. Bumble when little Oliver, the half-starved work-house boy, asked for another plate of soup. "You unsatisfied mortals, '*without industry or enterprise*,'" cry they, "are you not ashamed of yourselves? Have we not '*planned, progressed in, and completed*, a great public work,' '*stepped in and ventured our all*,' and all for your benefit, and the safety of the country in time of war; only charging you about twice as much to travel as those selfish New Englanders and New Yorkers do, who build their roads only to make *money*, and not for the benefit of '*two great commercial communities*,' the *public* and the *country*—and now you are already dissatisfied, and ask for more! Get out of our sight, you presumptuous mortals, who are only '*ingenious in contriving how to live upon the industry and enterprise of others.*'"

Such is the answer we poor Pennsylvanians and Jerseymen receive from our railroad Directors.—But still we do not complain, for our railroad capitalists "*hazarded their fortunes*" out of patriotic and public spirited motives, and not to make money! Oh, no!

THE HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.

We confess we have a little curiosity to see how this measure will work in practice. Several of the States, as we have kept our readers advised, have passed bills of the kind—more or less radical. Decidedly the most radical bill is that recently passed by Wisconsin, to which we referred in our last paper. We think, too, that the most favorable as well as the safest place to test the matter, is a new State.

We perceive that the "Madison Argus" has a very poor opinion of the law. It says "*its effect* will be to strike out of existence, for various purposes, seven-eighths of the property in Wisconsin—credit will be annihilated—legal liability abrogated—and common notes of hand and other evidences of debt will give place to mortgages: in short, the collection of debts is effectually prohibited."

We would suggest to the advocates of the "Homestead Exemption," that it might be good policy now to relax their efforts to have it carried into operation in other States, till it can be seen how it works where it is already adopted. "Slow and sure" is a good motto, where there is no especial reason for haste.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

We are indebted to the Hon. Alexander Evans, of Maryland, for the report of the Committee on Public Lands, in reference to the graduation, reduction and disposition of them; and also for the report on Harbor and River improvements.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Acadia arrived at New York on Sunday last, bringing dates to July 29th, seven days later than previously received. Her news is comparatively unimportant. No insurrection had yet broken out in Ireland, though one was daily expected. Orders had gone forth to arrest Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, Doheney, and all other suspected persons. If the leaders of the patriots submit to be arrested and locked up in prison, the game is up for the time being; if they do not, they must sustain themselves by force of arms.

The counties in which the repealers are strongest, are alleged to be those of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Tipperary and Kings. The West and North of Ireland are said to be comparatively tranquil.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in addition to taking measures to arrest the patriot leaders, has issued a proclamation for suppressing the clubs.

The European Times says, "during the past week Liverpool has been in a state of great excitement consequent upon the present report of political affairs in Ireland, and the numerous body of repealers and confederates who reside there. Their designs have caused the local authorities to set about preparing for any outbreak, should such be attempted."

A late account states that it was rumored that Smith O'Brien had been arrested.

Rewards have been offered for the arrest of O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon and Doheney—for the first named £500, for the others £300 each.

On the Continent affairs are tranquil. It is confidently expected that an armistice will be concluded between the Danes and the Germans, and their difficulties amicably settled.

In Italy the war is carried on with variable success. The Chambers of Turin have voted for the immediate annexation of Venice to Piedmont.

The King of Naples is making preparations to invade Sicily. He does not seem to fancy the election of the Duke of Genoa to the throne of that Island, formerly one of his own appendages.

The siege of Prague was to be raised on the 21st.

From the Danube principalities no further authentic intelligence has been received of the progress of the Russian armies. After the expulsion of Prince Bibesco, the Provisional Government passed decrees for the abolition of punishment by death, the establishment of the liberty of the press, the organization of a National Guard, a loan of the muskets of the State to the people, and the abolition of all ranks and titles.

The Russians, however, it is said, have demanded the restoration of the Prince, and would probably insist upon it by force of arms.

Lord Palmerston asserted in the English Parliament, that to the latest dates the Russians had not entered Wallachia, neither had any Turkish force.

The occupation of Moldavia by the Russians is still not regarded as an act of aggression.

Although the events which are occurring in such rapid succession in Italy and in the outlying Austrian provinces may soon alter the character of the Russian policy, a reference to St. Petersburgh for instructions how to act has been made by the Russian representatives at Bucharest, in consequence of the revolution in Wallachia, and no answer has yet been received.

If we may credit the Viennese journals, the peasantry of Wallachia regard the Russians as their deliverers, and they allege that the country people put to death the emissary who had been sent among them to stir up an insurrection. These papers positively assert that the Russians have entered Wallachia, and would enter Bucharest on the 15th or 16th.

France is represented as being in a tranquil state, and the Capital assuming something like its wonted appearance of life, gaiety and bustle.

In consequence of the deplorable accounts of suffering in several of the French West India Islands, it has been proposed in the National Assembly for Government to advance three millions of francs, to be divided among those islands.

Government is sadly puzzled how to dispose of the immense number of prisoners taken during the recent insurrection.

The Cholera continues its ravages in Russia; although it is believed to be assuming a milder character.

CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned on last Monday, at 12 M. The debates during the last days of the session were of such an exciting character, that we have devoted more room than usual to a record of them.—Contrary to the common course of things, the Senate, this year, manifested considerable want of order, dignity, and decorum, while the House was composed and orderly. The Oregon Bill was the great bone of contention in the former body. It was finally passed by the efforts of Messrs. Benton, of Missouri, and Houston, of Texas. It was immediately signed by the President, and nominations for Governor and other offices of the Territory sent in to and confirmed by the Senate. The President deserves credit for his prompt action in the matter. And whatever opinions may be held by our numerous readers, as to the final decision of the Senate upon certain parts of the Oregon Bill, all who are acquainted with the perilous situation in which Oregon is now placed from want of a government, will be thankful that Congress has not adjourned without providing for this distant branch of the great American family.

We regret to say that certain members of the Senate behaved rather too much like foolish children, who, when they find they cannot have precisely their own way, threaten to break up the play altogether. Certainly men professing to be statesmen might have learned by this time, that they are sent by their constituents to Congress for a certain well defined object, that of making laws for the Union—and that they have no authority to represent their respective constituencies for any other purpose. If either section of the Union, North, South, East or West, considers itself aggrieved beyond endurance by its brethren, it will know how to take the proper steps to redress itself, and choose leaders on whom it can rely to head it. But we must rebuke, once for all, the frequent absurd attempts of members of Congress, from both North and South, to speak for their respective sections in cases where no authority has been given them. Let them remember that there are some of us at home, who consider ourselves quite as important, and as having quite as much voice in the matter, as our members of Congress. And, whatever course we, the people, may finally be disposed to adopt, we do not fancy being pledged to *any* course, upon any subject, by those who have been given no authority to make such pledges.

MR. BLAIR'S POSITION.

Mr. Blair's distressing position—suspended as he is between "*punctilio*" and "*principle*"—seems to be easing a little. We perceive there has been a meeting of the Democratic delegates of a portion of the district which he represented in the Baltimore Convention, at which a resolution was unanimously passed to relieve him from all obligation to support Cass and Butler—and the meeting also recommended that the delegates from the other portions of the district should meet and pass similar resolutions.

We are pleased to see this readiness on the part of our Democratic friends to release Mr. Blair, as far as they are able, from his distressing position. The claims of suffering humanity should always prevail over those of mere political advantage. Better that one vote should be lost to Mr. Cass, than that Mr. Blair's body and "heart" should be separated.

A CHALLENGE.

A challenge was sent to Mr. Benton, on the 14th, from Mr. Butler, having its origin in a difficulty in the Senate, explained in our Congressional report. Information of the challenge was very properly communicated to the police, by Dr. Wallace, and both parties were arrested, and will be most probably bound over to keep the peace. Messrs. Benton and Butler both have their faults undoubtedly, but notwithstanding these faults, they are both too valuable for the country to afford to lose either of them—especially in what some of the letter writers term, we know not with what truth, an "after dinner quarrel."

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Self-preservation is the "first law" of some men's natures—but what kind of men they are, may be judged by the following paragraph. It occurs in a notice of the loss of the steamer Belle, on the Mississippi:

"Another deck-hand seized the yawl immediately after the boat struck, and bore *himself safely to shore*, leaving all else on board to their fate."

Now self preservation was undoubtedly the *first* law of that man's nature—everything else was subordinate to it. But in any man's nature who is worthy the name of *man*, self-preservation is not the *first* law by a good deal.

CONFIRMED.

One of our contemporaries says:

"It gives us great pleasure to record the confirmation, by the Senate, of Victor E. Piollet, as a paymaster in the army, with the rank of Major. We have the more pleasure in announcing this fact, because we thought, when he was rejected by the Senate, that injustice had been done to a sound Democrat and honest man."

We hope now that Mr. Piollet has been appointed *paymaster*, he will *pay* up the balance of a debt contracted for merchandize with the proprietors of this paper, some *six* years ago.

THE BUFFALO HUNT.

We hope our citizens in the West and South-West will remember, before joining in any hostile incursion into Mexico, that our Government, acting as an agent for the people of the United States, has ratified a treaty beginning with an adjuration—"in the name of the Almighty God"—which treaty pledges us to "peace and friendship" with our Mexican neighbors.

A DIFFERENCE.

A country paper says:—"Our account of the thunder storm last week contained a slight error, instead of 'hail-stones as big as pullets,' read 'hail-lets.'" Would it not have been still nearer the truth if the suggestion had stated, "instead of pullets," read pellets.

SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS.

Sometimes things appear ludicrous to one man, that strike another as being merely according to the natural order. Perhaps the following advertisement, which we lit upon in the Burlington (N. J.) Gazette, may be one of this kind. It made us laugh, however, whether it makes others or not:

Domestic Help Supplied.

NOTICE to those who want domestic help, such as hired girls and small boys, as the same can be supplied by applying to the subscriber, *who has them constantly on hand.* J—— D——, Burlington County.

The idea of having "girls and small boys *constantly on hand*," does strike us as particularly rich. The population of Burlington County must be increasing.

SNAKE STORY.

An item is going the rounds of the papers, stating that a snake twelve feet long and as thick as a common stove-pipe, was seen on the West Mountains, Vermont. He had a venomous look, and the man who saw him was satisfied without a closer inspection. Probably it was a stove pipe—or a hoax.

WAFERS.

The amount of wafers used by the House of Representatives during the present session of Congress exceeds 1,000 pounds.

Our contemporary should say *wasted*, not "used." It is impossible they should have *used* 1,000 pounds of wafers in one session; and we hardly see how so many could have been *wasted*.

COMPLIMENTARY.

One of our contemporaries in speaking of the eloquence of Mr. Tompkins, of Mississippi, says, "The assembly seemed swayed by the orator as *weeds* before the wind." Complimentary that to his hearers.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. XVI.

New York, August 14, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—I think my last epistle concluded with some strictures on the present style of building in our American cities, as contrasted with the solidity and safety of the old capitals of Europe. The same expense which is required to rebuild a house when it is swept away after having stood only five or six years, would, if at once bestowed on the first construction, suffice to render it secure from any possibility of destruction by fire. The houses in Italian cities have all their stairways and partitions of stone; there are no door or window frames of wood to carry the flames from room to room, and the floor is so thoroughly laid with glazed tiles, cemented together, that you might almost build a bonfire upon it. Travellers complain of the chilliness of these houses, and it is undeniable that they look less comfortable than our own, though this is no doubt wholly on account of the absence of all carpeting.

I once heard of an Englishman, living in Florence, who, for two or three days, had noticed a slight odor of burning wood in his room, without being able to discover the cause, until one morning, when he was sitting comfortably before the fire-place, with his feet on a ledge of the Carrara mantel-piece, (which is as favorite a position with John Bull, as with his much-reviled brother,) when, with a sudden break and crash, he found himself brought up, though not "all standing," on the floor below. The fire had communicated through a flaw in the cement to the wood of the floor, which, covered from the air, had slowly charred away, till there was a sufficiently weak formation for the transit of the astonished Briton.

This reminds me of a story which I heard from the sculptor Powers. An American family, who occupied a house in Florence, had likewise noticed the scent of burning wood, but, with true American perseverance, the cause was soon revealed. The gentleman was absent, and as the fire was beneath the firm tiles, the lady was in some doubt how to have it extinguished. Finally the Italian servant informed her that the usual plan was to send for the Fire Department of the city, which was done at length. After waiting about an hour in some anxiety, the lady was called upon to receive two staid, dignified looking gentlemen, one of whom addressed her with an accent of supreme importance, saying that now, since the Fire Department had arrived, she need be under no distress or anxiety; the danger would be quickly removed. "But," said the astonished female, "*where* is the Fire Department?" "We, madam, as you shall see," was the reply; whereupon, he beckoned to his attendant, who advanced, with an enormous syringe under his arm. Water was procured, and by the aid of this powerful instrument, and the zeal of the Fire Department, the ruining conflagration was soon arrested. When the officials came to take leave, they waited, as if something else than such heavy duties was weighing on their minds. Here, again, the servant came to the rescue, and suggested that it was customary to reward the defenders of life and property, with a bottle of wine. This they received, and marched off with a solemn and imposing air.

One of the greatest farces I have witnessed lately, came off on Thursday last, in the shape of a moonlight trip to the wildest corner of Staten Island, and a night's romantic sojourn in that delectable locality. As the American Musical Institute had got up the affair, and promised, at least, a fine moonlight voyage, and passable music, I was green enough to be persuaded to take one of the two boats, and make one of the two thousand unhappy sufferers. We reached the destination about ten o'clock, and plunged into the illuminated pine grove, to wait for the strains, which, in the breathless shade and delicious coolness of the night, should be like those of angels, "dropping earthward with the dew." Alas! the stout Staten Islanders had occupied every seat in advance, and when we supposed, by the flourish of a roll of paper, and the opening of numerous mouths, upon a platform around a pine bole, that there must be music, we could scarcely hear a sound, from the shrieks and yells of the disappointed audience; and when we *could* hear what those sound made, we were as far as ever from our desire. I strayed off into the lonely paths, and looked through the fine, slender needles of the pine, at the moon hanging high over the sea, that still followed as she fled. The harsh, red glare of the lanterns, and the jarring discordance of the rowdy yells, were so far distant, that one half their irritation was gone, and I could not feel the other half, while looking on that wonderful cloud-vista, whose unfolding portals shone with a gush of the warm, white radiance. I will not tire you with more description of the hour, or the—individual.

But at midnight a sudden extinguisher was dropped on the grove, the moonlight, the red lamps, the concert, the tables of pea-nuts and gingerbread, and the vociferous crowd of two thousand. A sea-fog wrapped us all in its damp and ghostly shroud, and the boats, with their tired and impatient freight, must needs lay to till morning. There were not berths enough for one-fourth of the people, and those who were disappointed in sleeping, disappointed others. A gang of young gentlemen procured a large bell, which they rang over the whole boat, shouting: "Passengers will step to the Captain's office, and *pay their passage*!" while others yelled, at the top of their voices: "Here's the *Extra Sun*—Arrival of 2,000 emigrants from Staten Island!" We reached New York about seven o'clock, and went home quick, very.

Books, poets and publishers are beginning to rouse from the summer's siesta. Several original American works are coming out this Fall, and there are indications of activity in the markets—"an upward tendency," as the Commercial Editors say. Lowell, whose poem to Lamartine is the finest lyric of the day, has been spending a week or two here. Willis is recruiting from his long and severe illness, at Sharon Springs. Rufus Griswold has gone to Madison University, to deliver a Commencement Oration. "Grace Greenwood" passed through the city on her way to the West, about ten days ago. Hoffman's genial face, and Halleck's slightly aristocratic one, are still seen in Broadway. May all their shadows lengthen exceedingly! J. B. T.

Political Intelligence.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Gen. Joseph Markle declines to have his name go before the Pennsylvania Whig Convention to nominate a Governor.

Thaddeus Stevens, it is said, is to be the Whig candidate for Congress from the Lancaster district.

The N. Y. Mirror (Taylor paper) says Martin Van Buren is spreading himself all over the State; "not exactly stumping it, but that he is 'all about in spots' hob-nobbing with the farmers, and discussing the growth of cabbages."

"Dough-face" should be written *doe-face*, according to the N. Y. Atlas. John Randolph, who first uttered the stigma, meant by it to satirize a class of politicians who are like the doe, or female deer, which is frightened by seeing its own face reflected in a streamlet. So "old Roanoke" himself said, when appealed to afterwards.

The Toledo Blade has been permitted to see a letter from a highly influential and respectable citizen of Albany, in which he says:—"*Mr. Van Buren is in favor of removing the Capital from Washington to Cincinnati, if he should be elected President.*"

Henry Clay travelled fifty miles in order to vote for Mr. Crittenden—thereby increasing, it is said, the Whig vote at Lexington some two hundred.

ILLINOIS.

Wentworth, the present Democratic Representative of the Fourth District, in Congress, is reported to have been beaten by a small majority, by Scammon, Whig. This is only explained, if true, by the fact that there were two Democrats (one besides Wentworth) running in that district. The result for Congress, so far as heard from, appears to be as follows, according to report—Col. Baker, Whig, no change; Harris, Democrat, over Lincoln, Whig, a gain; Scammon, Whig, over Wentworth, Democrat, a gain.

BUFFALO CONVENTION.

The Buffalo Convention was very numerously attended, and is represented to have been very enthusiastic. The Convention organized temporarily by appointing Nathaniel Sawyer, of Ohio, Chairman.

A platform of principles was read to the Convention in the form of three resolutions. One declares it to be the duty of the general government to abolish slavery wherever it has the constitutional power to do so. Another declares that slavery in the State is solely under the control of State authority. Another declares that slavery in the Territories should be prevented by combined action. All these were carried by acclamation. Then adjourned.

When the Convention re-assembled, the report of the Committee on officers, naming Charles Francis Adams (son of John Q. Adams) President of the Convention, was unanimously adopted. The following Vice Presidents were nominated by the respective State Delegations:—From New Hampshire, Moses A. Cartland and Lawrence Brainard; from Massachusetts, John Mills; from New Jersey, Davis L. Rogers; from Pennsylvania, E. D. Gazzand; from Illinois, C. Low; from Indiana, John Wright; from Wisconsin, Bryan Kilbourne; from Iowa, Wm. Miller; from Michigan, Robert Wilson, from Maryland, Robert Gardner; from Virginia, George Craig; from Rhode Island, Walter Danforth; from Delaware, A. H. Dickson; from the District of Columbia, L. C. Noble.

Messrs. Giddings, Butler and others, addressed the Convention during the session.

In the evening, the Committee of Conference, consisting of nine delegates, reported in favor of the nomination of Martin Van Buren, of New York, for President, and Charles F. Adams, of Mass., for Vice President. An informal ballot was then entered into, with the following result:

For Martin Van Buren,	244
For John P. Hale,	181
Scattering,	41
Whole number of votes,	466

Mr. Van Buren, on motion of two friends of Mr. Hale, was then unanimously nominated.

Charles F. Adams was then adopted as the candidate for the Vice Presidency. The prominent candidates were C. F. Adams, John P. Hale, and Joshua R. Giddings.

During the Convention the following letter was read from Mr. Van Buren, by Benjamin F. Butler:

LINDENWALD, Aug. 2, 1848.

Gentlemen—It has occurred to me, that a direct communication of my feelings, upon a single point, may in one event serve to remove embarrassment in your action at Buffalo. You all know, from my letter to the Utica Convention, and the confidence you repose in my sincerity, how greatly the proceedings of that body, in relation to myself, were opposed to my earnest wishes.

Some of you have also had opportunities to satisfy yourselves, from personal observation, of the sacrifices of feelings and interest which I incurred in submitting my future action to its control. None of you need be assured of the extent to which those feelings were relieved, by the consciousness that in yielding to the decision of that body, that the use of my name was necessary to enable the ever faithful democracy of New York to sustain themselves in the extraordinary position into which they have been driven by the injustice of others. I availed myself of an opportunity to testify to them my enduring gratitude for the many favors I had received at their hands.

The Convention, of which you will form a part, may, if wisely conducted, be productive of more important consequences than any which has gone before it, save, only, that which framed the Federal Constitution. In one respect, it will be wholly unlike any Convention which has been held in the United States, since the present organization of parties. It will, in a great degree, be composed of individuals who have, all their lives, been arrayed on different sides in politics, state and national, and who still differ in regard to most of the questions that have arisen in the administration of the respective Governments; but who feel themselves called upon, by considerations of the highest importance, to suspend rival action on other subjects, and to unite their common efforts for the accomplishment of a high end—the prevention of the introduction of human slavery into the extensive territories of the United States, now exempt from that great evil, and which are destined, if properly treated, to be speedily converted into a wilderness of freemen. I need not say how cordially I concur in the sentiment which regards that great object as one sacred in the sight of Heaven: the accomplishment of which is due to the memories of the great and just men long since, we trust, made perfect in its courts, who laid the foundation of our Government, and made, as they fondly hoped, adequate provision for its perpetuity and success, and is indispensible to the future honor and permanent welfare of our entire confederacy.

It may happen, in the course of the deliberations of the Convention, that you become satisfied that the great end of your proceedings can, in your opinion, be best promoted by an abandonment of the Utica nomination. You will not, in that event, want assurances of my uniform desire never again to be a candidate for the Presidency, or for any other public office; but you may apprehend that it might not be agreeable to me to be superseded in the nomination after what has taken place in regard to it. It is upon this point that I desire to protect you against the slightest embarrassment, by assuring you, as I very sincerely and very cheerfully do, that, so far from experiencing any mortification from such a result, it would become most satisfactory to my feelings and wishes.

Wishing the Convention success and honor in its patriotic efforts, and begging to accept for yourselves assurances of my unfeigned respect, I am, very sincerely, your friend and servant,

M. VAN BUREN.

Among other resolutions adopted by the Convention, was one requesting John Van Buren to throw aside all personal considerations, and "stump the Union" for the candidates.

The Colored Delegates did not present their credentials, and therefore had no seat.

The Convention, before adjourning, took ground in favor of the speedy organization of governments in Oregon, New Mexico and California; cheap postage; retrenchment of the expenses and patronage of the Federal Government; abolition of all unnecessary offices and salaries; election by the people of all civil officers in the service of the Government, so far as may be practicable; river and harbor improvements, whenever demanded by the safety or convenience of commerce with foreign nations, or among the several States; and free grants to settlers of reasonable portions of public land. Respecting the tariff, we quote the resolution entire:

Resolved, That the obligations of honor and patriotism require the earliest practicable payment of the national debt: and we are therefore in favor of such a tariff of duties as will raise revenue adequate to defray the necessary expenses of the Federal Government, and to pay annual instalments of our debt and the interest thereon.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

Following up our plan of publishing (either in full or in part, as their importance may warrant,) whatever letters may appear from either of the candidates for the Presidency, we give insertion to the following letter from General Taylor. The letter was addressed to the editor of the Tuscaloosa (Alabama) Monitor, under date of November 5, 1847, with a warning that it was not intended for the public prints. But recently the editor of the Monitor has received liberty to publish it.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp near Monterey, Nov. 5, 1847.

"SIR:—Your letter of the 4th ultimo, has been received. In reply to your remarks concerning a letter which I addressed, some time since, to the editor of the Cincinnati Signal, I have no hesitation in stating that it was not my intention in that communication to express an opinion either in concurrence with or in opposition to any of the views embraced in the editorial article to which it refers.

"The letter itself, like most other letters of mine on unofficial matters which have found their way into the newspapers, was not intended for publication, but simply written as a matter of courtesy in answer to one which I had received from the gentleman in question. For this object, it was entirely sufficient; though, under the belief that it would never go beyond this point, it is quite probable that it may not have been prepared with that care and critical accuracy which appears to be so much required by politicians. It was simply my desire, on that occasion, as has been my custom uniformly through life, to express my respect for opinions which I believed to be honestly entertained, and, as long as thus held, my approval of his maintaining them.

"Should it ever become my official duty to give my opinions on any or all of the political questions referred to in the article above mentioned, I shall discharge the duty to the best of my judgment. Until then, my opinions on such matters are neither necessary nor important.

"I need hardly add, in conclusion, that this communication is not intended for the public prints.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,
"*Major-General U. S. A.*"

NORTH CAROLINA.

It is difficult to get at the truth as to the elections in this State. The general impression seems to be that Manly, the Whig candidate for Governor, has carried the State by a small majority of from one to four hundred.

As to the Legislature, one morning the report comes that the Democrats have a majority on joint ballot of two, and then that the Whigs have the majority. Considering that North Carolina has always gone for the Whigs, of late years, we are inclined to think that the political scales will finally settle in their favor.

One cause of the heavy Whig loss in this State is said to be the ground taken by Mr. Manly, relative to the law requiring that a person must have a freehold of fifty acres, in order to vote for State Senators—one-half of those who vote for Governor and the lower branch of the Legislature, being thus excluded from voting for Senators. Mr. Reid, the Democratic candidate, proposed to do away with this law; while Mr. Manly upheld it. The National Intelligencer says that "it is believed, indeed, that a large proportion of the Whig party were favorable to the change."

THE ELECTIONS.

Our readers will please not place full reliance upon the election returns. We give the latest and most reliable returns we can find, but nothing can be certainly told until the smoke of the battle in each State, has cleared off a little, so we can note the issue.

INDIANA.

The Journal of Commerce publishes the following despatch, dated Indianapolis, August 12th:—"Indiana has gone for the Democrats. The Senate will stand 27 or 30 Democrats to 20 Whigs. In the House 60 Counties show a Democratic majority of 30, being a gain of 16 members."

THE UNION.

In the recent exciting and interesting debate upon the Oregon Question, in the Senate, Mr. Houston, of Texas, expressed himself as follows, in relation to the Union:

He remembered the cry of disunion and nullification when the high tariff was imposed. The cry reached him in the wilderness, an exile from kindred and friends and sections; but it rung in his ears, and wounded his heart. But now he was in the midst of such a cry, and he was bound to act as a man conscious of the responsibilities imposed on him. He had heard the menaces and cries of disunion until he had become familiar with them, and they had now ceased to produce alarm in his bosom. He had no fears of the dissolution of the Union, when he recollected how it had been established, and how it had been defended. * * * *

He protested against the cries of disunion, and against every attempt to traduce the Union. He was of the South, and he was ready to defend the South, but he was for the Union. The Union was his guiding star, and he would fix his eyes on that star to direct his course. He would advise his friends of the South and of the North to pursue measures of conciliation. He would discourage every attempt to sow discord, and to stir up the passions of the country, and kindle them up to war.

Mr. Benton, of Missouri, also expressed similar sentiments. He spoke as follows:

All this talk about the dissolution of the Union gave him no concern. He was peculiarly constituted as to the subject. His observation of public affairs went back to that period of our history when Aaron Burr engaged in his enterprise of disunion. He (Mr. B.) was a boy of sixteen, but he was an observer of events, and a reader of the public journals. He acknowledged that he then read with mortification—and few things from the same source had ever failed to meet with his cordial approbation—he read, he said, with mortification, the proclamation of Mr. Jefferson, in which he denounced the project of Burr as "dangerous to the Union." For, at that time there was not a neighborhood in the West in which Burr would disclose his project. If he had done so, the women and children would have tied him down and sent him to the nearest place of justice, dragged by a dog-chain. As long as he presented mere designs of a dazzling nature, and not concerning our own government, he was listened to. But when, on the lower Mississippi, he did disclose his treasonable objects, he was immediately obliged to fly into the wilderness and become an outcast from society. There, in his hiding-place—in his disguise—in a creek, where the alligator has his place—he was accidentally encountered, at night, by one who before affording him relief, demanded his name. Who are you? As soon as he gave his name, he was taken into custody, and by a string led into the Georgia settlements. Burr having heard of the sympathy often excited in the behalf of great men struggling with adversity, appealed to some persons in Georgia for his rescue. He addressed some boys as to his case, and, at first, very naturally excited their sympathy. But when these boys heard his name, they refused to afford him any succor. Such, said Mr. B., will be the end of all attempts to dissolve this Union—to divide it by any line. He would, he said, think that a man who might bring brick, mortar and trowel, to dam up the mighty Mississippi, had commenced a feasible and wise enterprise, in comparison with the project of that man who might undertake to run a dividing line between the States of this Union. All this talk of disunion was idle. It was like

"A tale told by an idiot,
Full of sound and fury;—signifying nothing."

STATE OF PARTIES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The inquiry is often made as to the result of the Presidential contest, in the event of its being carried into the House of Representatives. We subjoin the political complexion of that body, by States—premising, what every one knows, that if no one candidate shall have a majority of *all* the Electoral votes, *one of the three* highest candidates voted for by the People shall be selected by the House of Representatives—each State casting but one vote:

DEMOCRATIC.—Maine, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa.—15.

WHIG.—Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, Florida, Ohio, Kentucky.—12.

TIED.—New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Georgia.—3.

KENTUCKY.

Returns from thirty-seven counties of this State show a Whig gain of 1,334, as compared with the last Gubernatorial election. We do not know how the returns compare with the contest between Clay and Polk.

New Publications.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. *By William Hazlitt. In three volumes. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* "On this work," (the preface of it, by another hand, says,) "Hazlitt was content to rest his claim as an author; it is his largest work and his last. Not satisfied with books and written documents Hazlitt saw and conversed with the persons most likely to afford him information. He resided two years in Paris for this especial purpose; and the work, in consequence, possesses anecdotes and facts, which throw quite a new light on many subjects hitherto seen 'through a glass darkly.'"

Hazlitt was a bold and original thinker, and disposed to do Napoleon justice—not to magnify his faults and depreciate his genius and virtues, as has been too generally the case with British authors. As an illustration of this fairness and independence, we may instance his account of the battle of Waterloo. Speaking of the fatal inaction or treachery (whichever it was, Heaven only knows,) of Marshal Grouchy, which lost the battle of Waterloo, Hazlitt says: "He saw the sun shining above his head, that was no more to behold his country's independence, or the face of freedom; he saw the triumphs, the struggles, the sacrifices of the last five-and-twenty years about to be annulled and made of no account, which it required but one more effort to sanction and confirm forever, an imbecile monarch forced back on an hereditary throne, like some foul Eastern idol, borne in defiance over the bleeding bodies and prostrate necks of an abused people; liberty bound hand and foot, afraid to breathe or move, its name henceforth to become a reproach, reviled, suspected, hunted down, and trod into the earth under the hoofs of kings; he saw this done by an English general, vaunting the rights, the glory and the generosity of his own country; he saw the greatest reputation in modern times about to become a prey to the most shallow and worthless;—

'Saw where an eagle in his pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd'—

he saw or should have seen all this, and could not be prevailed upon to stir a step to prevent it. The very weight and damning sense of consequences which should cut short all hesitation and compunction, seems in minds not strong enough to cope with it, to seek relief in idle forms or in some hollow subterfuge."

When Blucher appeared with his two columns, thirty-one thousand strong, "Wellington," says Hazlitt, "who had been in a state of stupor, and had seen nothing before him but disgraceful defeat, saw his escape. By Blucher's arrival the allied army was increased to one hundred and fifty thousand men, a proportion of more than two to one."

Hazlitt sums up as follows:

"Thus was lost the battle of Waterloo, the greatest and most fatal in its consequences that ever was fought in the world. It was lost in spite of every possible effort and combination of genius to win it, because all the skill and force Napoleon was master of was unable to overcome the obstinacy and courage of the British soldiers before the arrival of an overwhelming superiority of numbers, which it had been the object of all the French general's endeavors to disunite, and in which he had so far, and would still have succeeded, had it not been for the unaccountable absence of Grouchy, both from Waterloo and Wavres, at one or other of which places it is certain he ought to have been. The English soldiers stood the brunt of the battle the whole day (though with dreadful havoc) by their own inherent stubbornness of character and daring resistance to the enemy; the Prussians by an inroad of fresh troops (when all was supposed to be nearly over) gained the victory, of which the English general has received the credit ever since. He had the merit of standing by and leaving the issue very wisely to his men. The loss of the English in this battle was eleven thousand three hundred men, the Hanoverians three thousand five hundred, the Belgians eight thousand, the Prussians in the four days' fighting thirty-eight thousand, in all sixty thousand troops. The French loss in the different battles and during the rout was forty thousand."

In conclusion we can unhesitatingly recommend this work to those who are anxious to arrive at the truth respecting Napoleon and the French Revolution, and therefore desirous to contemplate them from every new point of view.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The September number of Graham maintains its high reputation. The engravings are "Angela Mervale, or Six Months Before Marriage," and "The Lost Pet," both admirably executed pictures. There is also a Fashion Plate, in which department Graham excels. The literary matter is by F. E. F., Caroline F. Orne, C. G. Foster, S. D. Patterson, Grace Greenwood, T. B. Read, Herbert, Burleigh, Mayne Reid, &c., &c. The publishers announce that they have engaged the services of J. B. Taylor, in the editorial department—we congratulate them and the public on this accession to their strength. We also think they have done wisely in securing Grace Greenwood as a poetical contributor. Her poem in the present number, is full of splendidly bold and daring thoughts—though we do not particularly fancy the title—"The Spanish Princess to the Moorish Knight."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey manifests his usual taste and industry in his September number. He gives his readers a plate representing Dr. Johnson's first interview with Goldsmith, one called "Jessie"—a "sweet Jessie" she is, too—another, "My Mistress's Bonnet, and a Fashion Plate—besides the usual Model Cottage, Work Table, &c., &c. His literary contributors are Kate Sutherland, Ella Moore, George Lunt, Fanny Patch, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Ellet, Clara Moreton, &c., &c. Miss Leslie concludes her novel of Amelia, in this number.

Irish Eloquence.

IRISH SPEECHES.

If the Irish patriots only know how to fight as well as they know how to talk, they will be hard to master in the event of a rebellion. The following speeches by Messrs. Doheny and Meagher, were made after being released on bail from the clutches of the Government. The meeting at which they were delivered was held on the mountain of Slievenamon. The account from which we copy, says:—Wending their way up the side of the mountain from the direction of their various localities might be seen the men of Cork, Waterford, Wexford, and from all sides the "Boys of Tipperary."

At two o'clock the chair was taken, when not less than fifty thousand souls overspread the summit of the mountain.

The Hugh O'Neill and John Mitchel Clubs, of Clonmel, headed by their respective Presidents and Vice-Presidents, marched from the main street through the town: thence through the suburbs in regular order, followed by the Fitzgerald Cober Club and several thousands of mounted horsemen. The day was exceedingly fine.

At four o'clock, Messrs. Doheny and Meagher, headed by the Cashel band, arrived at the mountain, when the huzzas commenced like the rumblings of a thunder storm. Peal followed peal, until the echo rung from the distant Comeragh mountains. The different Clubs formed in regular order, and marched to the pinnacle of the mountain, headed by the Cashel band. The tricolor flag of the Wolf Tone Club [Waterford] was hoisted. Mr. Meagher wore a tricolor sash and a gold-banded cap.

MR. DOHENY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Doheny, in the course of an able and brilliant speech, said: Men of Tipperary—I am proud to meet you on my native mountain. [Cheers.] These wilds and rocks are dear to me since my young years. [Loud cheers.] Standing on this rock and gazing on the faces of the countless thousands, I recognise many of my school-fellows—many of the companions of my happiest days. I have been accompanied here by the brave and noble youths of Cashel, from 15 years upward, who have come 17 miles on foot—the very men who rescued me a few days ago, and who, I am proud to say, would do so again, if called upon. [Loud cries of "We would—we would."] But, my friends, it is better that no arrests should take place. The time is fast approaching when Ireland shall again be free. [Hear and cheers.] I am now standing on the site of the palace of Fionn, the relic of Ireland's ancient splendor—the seat of her ancient literature—so old and venerable. I speak of her ancient glory with pride—for, when Europe was immersed in ignorance, this learned island gave laws and knowledge to the surrounding nations. When I look westward and gaze on the red sun, as he throws his parting beams on the fertile plains beneath us, endeared by such recollections, waving with most luxuriant crops, I say, will you forget the glories of the past, and yield up forever, and without a struggle, your rights and your possessions? [Hear.] Will all the fruits of this year's toil pass away from us? Will you continue to starve and beg? [Cries of no, no.] Shall all this leave our golden valley? [Cries of no, no.] The sun that ripens the growing crops—the dews of Heaven that nourish them, are given by the bounty of God: shall all this goodness from the hand of Providence be bestowed in vain on the cultivator? Oh! friends, retain that which Providence intended for you—keep it—at every hazard keep it. The sickle shall be laid to the crops in another month. [Cries of "We will keep them."] Do so, and then you may sing an anthem as you look upon the produce of your rich fields, and joy yourselves with the thought that it is all your own. [Loud and continued cheers.]

But, my friends, I must revert to another subject. Mr. Meagher and I are now out on bail; we are to be tried for preaching the gospel of Irish Nationality. I told the magistrates who took my recognizances that I would to-day attend a party on Slievenamon, and I come here to tell you that your course of duty is now plain—it is no other than that to which you have so often pledged yourselves. If you are not equal to your words, you may forever grovel in the dust, and hug the chain of abject slavery. We intend to realise the true gospel which was preached by John Mitchel, who is now far from his dear native land. [Tremendous cheers for Mitchel and Duffy.] We shall do so at every risk—we will do so with hope, for you will aid us. My heart grew warm when I saw the brave men of my native county pass through Kielevalla, the very ravine that Cromwell could not traverse; this is an omen of our success. [Cheers.] Mr. Doheny then entered into a long detail of his recent mission in England—the burning hatred of tyranny which characterised its working classes—their discontent—their honorable sedition; and, after an impassioned appeal to his hearers to be prepared for every emergency, the learned gentleman concluded thus: I have said before that the time for speech-making is past, and the time for action come. Let us swear to God that this year will not go by till Ireland is a free Nation. Raise up your hands. [Here every hand of the vast assembly was lifted up. It was a solemn sight.] Mr. Doheny then concluded amid vehement cheering.

MR. MEAGHER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Meagher next ascended the tribune, wearing his green cap, with a band of gold, and splendid tri-color sash. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm. When the applause subsided, he said—Men of Tipperary, I feel that I am not equal to this occasion and to your expectation. For the last few days I have undergone so much fatigue that I despair of giving expression to my sentiments in language that will command this audience, reaching its utmost limits, and in thoughts which the cause demands, and my hopes inspire. You have heard a true son of Irish soil, whose rugged virtues partake of the character of the country. You have heard him say that I am to stand my trial next assizes, which will be the day after the fair. [Laughter.] If there is any one here to communicate the proceedings of this meeting to the Government, I trust they will find out that they have made a great mistake in arresting me. [Hear, hear, and loud cheers, and you shall never follow Mitchel.] I am here not only to repent of nothing, but to dare them to something worse. [Loud cheers.] When I threw myself into this movement, when I was scarcely yet of age, I did not do so to gain an honorable name, nor for any purpose of profit or emolument. I felt that I lived in a land of slavery, and that if God gave me intellect, it ought to be employed for the country. It was with this feeling I joined the cause of Ireland at a moment when every nation wished to see her flag unfurled on these hills.—[Tremendous cheering.] Forty-three passed away, but its vows have not passed away. I wish I had the eloquence of him who then stirred up the country. O'Connell, like all great men, had his faults, but he had his virtues, and he had victories. This I will say, that he preached a cause that we are bound to see out. [Hear, hear.] He used to say, "I may not see what I have labored for. I am an old man—my arm is withered—no epitaph of victory may mark my grave—but I see a young generation with redder blood in their veins, and they will do the work." [Vehement cheering.] Therefore it is that I am ambitious to decorate these hills with the flag of my country. [Hear, hear, hear.] Nor is it alone because I feel this obligation. A scourge came from God which ought to have stirred you up into greater action.—The potato was smitten; but your fields waved with golden grain. It was not for you. To your lips it was forbidden fruit. The ships came and bore it away, and when the prices rose, it came back, but not for the victims whose lips grew pale and quivered, and opened no more. [Sensation.] Did I say that they opened no more? Yes, they did open in Heaven, to accuse our rulers. Those lips, beautiful and fresh with the light of God—[Sensation]—supplicated His throne, and He has blessed our cause. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] This fact is plain, that this land which is yours by nature, and by God's gift, is not yours by the law of the land. There were bayonets, therefore, between the people and their rightful food. Are you content that the harvest of his land which you sow, and to which your labor has imparted fruitfulness, should again be reaped for the *stranger*? [Loud cries of no, and never shall it.] Walking in this glorious scenery, Cromwell said—"Is not this a land worth fighting for?" [Cries of, we would fight and die for it.] There always appeared to me a cloud on its brightest scenery, because it did not belong to its inhabitants—because our flag was not here. The flag of England waves over all your institutions. The famine came, and then their coercion laws. [Hear, hear.] Then a gallant man, young and brave, with a young wife and young children, who, if they were made of less heroic clay, would have caught him to their breasts before he went forth to preach the glorious gospel, that the life of a peasant is worth the life of a lord. [Loud and continued cheers.] That gospel went through the country, and you said it was the true one. [Cries of so it is.] Because he preached this they took him, threw him into a prison, and banished him from his own native land. [Loud cries of we'll bring him back.] There is a stain on the nation while he remains in Bermuda. He does not sleep—his feverish, chafed spirit knows no rest. He is listening day by day to the sound of the waves, thinking that in those sounds will come his liberty and yours.—[Applause.] Because he does not rest, you ought not to rest. [Hear.] He stood up before his judges, and he said—"You have done your duty, I have done mine. Like the Roman youth who, standing before the tyrant, put his hand into the fire till it was burned, and said there are three hundred to follow my example—I will promise for one, two, three, aye, for three hundred." [Tremendous cheering.] He uttered that prophecy, and he is not deceived. Others have stepped into the breach, and Newgate will hereafter be dedicated in our history as the Temple of Liberty. Will you permit the country to be deprived of these men? [Loud cries of never, and tremendous cheering.] I stand here upon the lofty summit of a country, which if we do not win for ourselves we must win for those who shall come after us.—[Hear, hear.] As my friend said to-day, you will mount higher than this, and face a more burning sun. [Cries of aye, the top of the cannon.] No man can be here to-day that is not determined to brave the worst the foe can do. I have not come here to-day, for the purpose of speech-making, but to teach you the duties you owe yourselves and the prisoners. Hear the verses of a young and gallant patriot, whose grave ought not to be forgotten amid the dazzling lustre of the living. Of "the men of Tipperary" he said:

"You're free to share his scanty meal,
His plighted word he'll never vary—
In vain they tried with gold and steel,
To shake the faith of Tipperary!"

[Great cheering.] You have given that word—You have plighted your faith. Then hear the other verse:

"Let Britain brag her motley rag—
We'll lift the green more proud and airy,
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head the men of Tipperary!"

Here a scene of cheers and enthusiasm followed, of which it would be impossible to give any adequate idea.

[Mr. Meagher left the place on horseback, preceded by the tri-color flag of the Wolfe Tone Club of Waterford. He was escorted from the mountain by thousands of the peasantry, on horseback. On arriving at the village of Kilcash, the people met him with bursts of enthusiastic delight. Nothing could equal the intense excitement which his presence produced. At the village of Ballypatrick similar welcome awaited him. He here took leave of his Tipperary friends, and with the members of the Clancarty Club, proceeded *en route* for his native city.]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, August 12, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The demand for Superfine Flour for export has again become quite limited, but the stock in factors' hands is pretty much exhausted. The week's sales have been only in a retail way at $5.12½a5.37½ for common and fair brands fresh ground Pennsylvania, and good and extra at $5.50a5.75, and sound old stock Western at $5a5.12½ per barrel. Rye Flour is still scarce, with small sales at $3.87½. Corn Meal—There is but little Pennsylvania in market, and prices are higher—sales of 2,500 bbls at $2.56¼a2.62½ for fresh ground, and $2.44 for sound old stock, per barrel.

GRAIN.—The supplies of new Southern Wheat are on the increase, and prices are depressed. Sales of 20,000 bushels interior and damp to prime reds, at 90c to $1.03 per bushel. At the close, prime red is freely offered at $1.00 per bushel. Rye is scarce—1,500 bushels Western at 70a72 cents. Corn is very scarce, and prices are again higher—sales of 25,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 56a58c for yellow, and 50a52 for white—closing firm at the highest figures. Oats continue dull, with sales of old Pennsylvania at 34a35, and new Southern at 25a28c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $11a11.25, and Prime at $9 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $12.50a13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 5½a9c; Sides at 5¼a5½, and Shoulders at 4½a5c. Lard is steady at 8a8½ cts. with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts, and Cheese at 7¼a8c per lb.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is limited, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 hhds at $24 per ton for first quality No. 1.

BEESWAX.—The market continues very dull.

BREAD.—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4½a4¾, Navy at 3a3¼, and Crackers at 5c per lb.

CANDLES.—Moderate sales of Sperm at 29a31 cts. Tallow Candles sell at 11½cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COAL.—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have not varied. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 16a18¾ cts per bushel.

COFFEE.—The market remains quiet. A cargo of 2,700 bags St. Domingo arrived this week, from which some 900 bags sold on private terms, and about Six bags Rio, in lots from store, at 6¼a8¼c, 4 mos.

COTTON.—There has been a slightly increased demand for the better qualities of Upland and New Orleans this week, and 775 bales have changed hands, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls & Ala.
Middling,	6 a 6¼	6 a 6½
Middling Fair,	6¾ a 6¾	6½ a 7¼
Fair,	7¼ a 7½	7¾ a 7¾

FEATHERS.—The demand continues limited at 34 a 35c per lb.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the supplies of the new catch come forward slowly. Sales of No. 2 at $7.25a7.50, and No. 3 at $4a4.50 per bbl.

FRUIT.—But little doing. An invoice of 200 boxes Soft Shelled Almonds sold at 16a17c.

HEMP.—An invoice of 210 bales Italian sold on private terms. The market is nearly bare of American, and prices tend upward.

HIDES.—No sales this week.

IRON.—There has been an increased demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and sales ... at $22.50a25 for Anthracite, and $20a28 for Charcoal Iron. In other descriptions nothing doing.

LATHS.—A cargo of Eastern sold at $1.25 per M.

LEAD.—We note sales of 4,000 pigs, part to arrive at 4½c, 90 days and 4 mos.

LUMBER.—The demand is to a fair extent. A cargo of Worked Carolina Flooring Boards sold at $20, and one of White Pine Shipping Boards at $14a14.50 per M. The supplies from the Lehigh region, for the week ending 4th inst. were

	Feet
	851,111
Previously this season	16,354,098
Total	17,205,[illegible]

MOLASSES.—There has been but little animation in the market this week, and no sales worth noting have transpired.

NAVAL STORES.—But little doing. 412 bbls common Rosin sold at 85c per bbl. Tar and Pitch are very scarce. Further sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 30a31c.

OILS.—A sale of 60 pipes Olive Oil on private terms. The demand for Linseed is quite limited, at 60a61c. Further sales of Whale to some extent at ... Sperm sells slowly at former prices.

PLASTER.—Further cargo sales at $2.37½a2.44 per ton—closing firm at the latter price.

RICE.—The stock is greatly reduced—sales of 100 casks at 3½a3¾c.

SALT.—A sale of 1,836 sacks Liverpool Coarse, supposed at $1.35, and about 10,000 bushels Turks Island, part at 21c, and part at a price kept secret.

SEEDS.—Good Cloverseed is scarce, and prices steady at $3.75a4 per bushel, with small sales. Flaxseed is dull at $1.35 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—French Brandy sells in small lots at $1.10a1.30 for Bordeaux; $1.40a1.60 for Rochelle, and $2.5 for old Cognac. Holland Gin is steady at $1.40, with small sales. N. E. Rum is dull at 25a26c. Whiskey has been in limited request, and prices are barely supported. Sales in hhds at 23½, and in bbls at 24 cts.

SUGARS.—There has been more demand for Muscovado Sugars, and prices are pretty steady. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba at 4a4½; 350 do Porto Rico, supposed at 4¾a5, and 50 New Orleans at 3¾c, all 4 mos.

TALLOW.—Good Rendered is dull at 7¼a8c per lb.

TEAS.—A limited business is going forward at previous prices. The first sale of the season occurred on Tuesday last in New York, when 11,945 pkgs were disposed of.

TOBACCO.—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates.

WOOL.—The demand is still limited, and prices are unchanged.—*Bick. Reporter.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14.—The offerings of Beef Cattle, for the week, were about 1,000 head. Sales were made at $6.50 to 7.25 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 400 head sold at prices ranging from $4.25 to 5.25 per 100 lbs. Cows are selling as follows: Fresh from $16 to 30; Springers, from $15 to 25; Dry, $8 to 15. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—At market, 1600 Beef Cattle, 800 Southern, the remainder New York State grown, 60 Cows and Calves, and 4,000 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Have been in fair request during the week, and middle of August though it be, prices are remarkably well maintained. The average, however, is rather wider than last week's, the sales averaging from $5.50 to 7.00 per cwt. 100 driven to Brighton. Cows and Calves—Are rather lower. All sold at prices ranging, as in quality, from $18, 20 to $27.50. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of Sheep at from $1.75, 2.75 to $4. Lambs brought $1a2.25 to $3.25, as in quality. All sold.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 11.—Beef Cattle—There were offered at the scales on Monday, 510 head of Beeves, of which about 500 were bought by city butchers at $2.[illegible]a3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4.50a5.75 net. 180 of the balance were sent to Philadelphia, and the others remain over unsold. Hogs—The sales throughout the week have been at $4.50a5 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUGUST 12.

There was some better feeling in the Flour market to-day, though the sales making ranged at about the previous rates. For some lots as much as 6½c per bbl advance was obtained. Sales of Wheat were made on terms stated below. Corn continued in good demand, and considerable sales were made to arrive. Round and flat yellow continued scarce, and prices quite firm. Sales of Meal were made at an advance. Rye continued steady, while Oats were inclined to droop.

ASHES—Sales of 150 bbls Canadian, in bond, were made at $5.25; and about 50 do Pearls at $6.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The sales amounted to 5a6000 bbls, in lots, among which were 800 bbls of Oswego at $5.69¼; with several lots of Western, ranging from $5a5.12½, and 700 round hoop Ohio at the same prices. Wheat—Sales of 5000 bushels of Southern were made at 106c. Sales of 3000 bushels do, poor Illinois, at 90c. Sales of about 800 bushels seed Wheat were made, in packages, at 140a145c, packages extra. Corn—Sales of about 40,000 bushels were made at 63 cts; 10,000 of mixed, to arrive in about a week, at 63a65c; 4,000 do high mixed, at 64c; 4,000 do, deliverable next week, at 65c; 8,000 do, white, at 61 cts, and 4,000 do, round yellow, at 68c. Some other lots were disposed of, to arrive, within our range of prices. Meal—Sales of 300 bbls New Jersey were made at $3, and 100 do, new ground, at $3.25. Rye—No sales of moment were reported; we continue to quote it at 70c. Oats—Sales of some cargoes were made, including Jersey, at 38a40c; new, at 35a38c, and Canal, at 41a42c. Rye Flour—Sales of 150 bbls were made at $4.

PROVISIONS—Pork was some firmer. Sales of about 500 bbls were made, including mess, at $11.31¼a11.50, and prime at $8.94. Lard—Sales of about 300 barrels were made, at 7¼a8 cts. Sales of 137 tierces smoked hams were made at 10c. Butter was firm, with a fair amount of sales. Cheese was dull, and only good lots were saleable at 5¼a6c.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"There is a fair demand for good qualities of Maryland Tobacco, and the receipts are sold as fast as inspected, at prices ranging from $3.50a5. There is no demand for the common kinds, nor for Ohio of any sort. As the sales making are within the quotations, we continue them, remarking that those for Ohio must be considered as nominal. They are as follows, viz:—Maryland $1.50a3 for inferior and common; $3a3.75 for good common; $5a6 for good; $6a13 for fine and better qualities; common Ohio $3a3.50; good $4.50a5; fine yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $11a12. The inspections of the week are 1304 hhds, including 1053 Maryland, and 151 Ohio."

☞ The line of telegraph, though complete to New Orleans, does not yet work well. A communication sent from New Orleans to Boston reached the latter city in three hours.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848.

SHAVING BY THE ACRE.

An English paper gives the following amusing illustration of the old maxim, "many a little makes a mickle." A gentleman in Devonshire having incurred a debt with his barber for twenty-one years shaving, demurred to the charge, when the bill was sent in, £31 9s. 4d., or one penny a day. The barber proposed to be paid by the square measure, at the rate of £200 an acre. On measurement, the area of the gentleman's beard proved to be 129 square inches. This space traversed 7,370 times was found to give 1,472,646 inches, and to produce a charge of £46 19s. 1d.

The above is going the rounds of the papers. It strikes us that the gentleman in question must have had both a very long and very broad face, and then been of the tribe of Esau, to make the area of his beard 129 square inches. As to the other calculations, we have not time to look into them; but those of our readers who have more time than we have, and are fond of figures, can cipher them out for themselves.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

It is stated by the London Times, of a late date, that a subterranean fire is burning near Sheffield, England, which has been in existence in that vicinity for a century past, and which has, at various times, undermined the ground. Portions of the Sheffield street have sunk years ago, exposing the fearful hollow beneath. Houses have been rendered untenantable on account of black and choke damp, and cellars have been closed for years. Water drawn up from wells there, is found perfectly hot. Many years ago flames at times issued from fissures in the fields, and a farm house being undermined, was torn down. Some years after, a few cottages were erected upon its site, and they are tumbling down and have been abandoned.

INDIA RUBBER PAVEMENT.

The court yard of the English Admiralty, Whitehall, has been covered with a paving of India Rubber. An experiment tried upon it resulted very satisfactorily. It is laid down in pieces about twelve inches square and one in thickness. The quadrangle at Buckingham Palace, formed by the erection of a new wing, will also be covered with this material, which its projectors have named "Kamptolite." Its chief recommendation is that it deadens all sound, rendering the passage of a vehicle or horses perfectly noiseless.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 174—adults 60, and children 114.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 8th, Mr. Webster made his appearance and took his seat.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, submitted a resolution for consideration, directing that the Secretary of War furnish, at the next session, all the maps and reports of the Topographical Engineers, showing the operations of the Army in Texas and Mexico. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. King, the bill making a grant of land for the construction of the railroad from Mobile to the mouth of the Ohio was taken up.—The amendment previously offered, making a similar grant for the railroad from Jackson, Mississippi, to the Alabama line was adopted.

Mr. Lewis offered an amendment, making a grant of like character to the Montgomery and Pensacola Railroad. Adopted.

Mr. Benton submitted another amendment granting land to the St. Joseph and Hannibal Railroad in Missouri. Adopted.

A debate then ensued upon the bill as amended, in which Messrs. Benton, Allen, Calhoun, Butler, Niles and Turney participated, after which the question was taken and the bill passed by a vote of 34 yeas, 15 nays.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, the bill for the relief of the West Feliciana Railroad Company was taken up and passed.

On motion of Mr. Johnston, the bill dividing the State of Georgia into two judicial districts, was taken up and passed.

On motion of Mr. Hannegan, the bill to carry into effect the fifth article of the treaty with Mexico, in relation to the boundary line between the two countries was taken up. A debate ensued respecting the limitation of the time to be occupied by the Commissioners in running the boundary.—Mr. Hannegan named five years, but Mr. Webster thought that three would be sufficient. Mr. Niles said that as the territory was conquered in two years, he thought we ought to be able to measure it in the same time. Three years were finally fixed upon, and the bill, as amended, was passed.

On the 9th, on motion of Mr. Niles, the bill establishing new post-routes, was taken up, and sundry amendments adopted.

[We have "a crow to pick" with Mr. Niles, for one of these amendments, and we shall embrace the first favorable opportunity of doing it.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

On motion of Mr. Felch, the bill granting alternate sections of the public lands to Michigan, for the furtherance of internal improvements, was taken up and passed.

The bill authorizing the sale of reserved lands was taken up on motion of Mr. Breese, and passed.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Army Appropriation Bill was taken up, and the amendments reported by the Finance Committee were considered. The first amendment being an appropriation of $30,000 for arrearages for the military surveys West of the mountains, Mr. Underwood inquired by whom these surveys were continued.

Mr. Atherton replied by Colonel Fremont.—After a short debate the amendment was adopted.

The next amendment appropriating $200,000 for part of the expenses incurred in the late operations in California by Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont, was also adopted after a short debate.

Sundry other amendments were adopted, and the bill passed.

On the 10th, Mr. Cameron, from the Printing Committee, made a report, showing that $100,000 had been saved this session under the contract system.

The Light House Bill, returned from the House, was taken up, and a number of the amendments made to it were agreed to, while others were rejected.

Mr. Hannegan, from the Committee on Roads and Canals, reported the bill from the House, ceding to Indiana that part of the Cumberland Road lying in that State. Passed.

On motion of Mr. Niles, the Post-route Bill was taken up, and sundry amendments adopted. Without concluding the consideration of this bill the Senate laid it aside, and took up the order of the day, being the Oregon Bill.

Mr. Webster opposed the passage of the bill as amended, in the following speech, as reported by Dr. Houston, the official reporter of the Senate.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

It is desirable, sir, undoubtedly, that there should be established, as soon as may be, a proper government for the territory of Oregon, and I am willing to vote for the bill to establish such government which has come to us from the House of Representatives, as it came from that House;—but if amended as proposed by the proposition for amendment, now under the consideration of the Senate, I shall not be able to vote for it.

The fourteenth section of this bill provides that the inhabitants of said territories shall be entitled to enjoy all and singular the rights, privileges, and advantages granted and secured to the people of the territories of the United States, North West of the river Ohio, by the articles of compact contained in the ordinance for the government of said territory, on the 13th day of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, and shall be subject to all the conditions and restrictions and prohibitions in said articles of compact, imposed upon the people of said territory. It is well known that by the ordinance of 13th of July, 1787, involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, was excluded from the North-West territory. The proposal now before the Senate, is to give a reason for applying that rule to the territory of Oregon, and that reason is in the words of the amendment, inasmuch as the said territory is North of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes of North latitude, usually known as the Missouri Compromise.

I understand that when a man does an act, and undertakes to give reasons for that act, and gives but one, without suggesting that there are others, the world is fairly entitled to draw the inference that he has no other reason. For my part, sir, I should think, with this proviso in the section, the implication would be irresistible, that if the territory be South of the parallel of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, the proposition of the ordinance of 1787 would not be applied. For one, I wish to avoid all committals, all traps, by way of preamble or recital, and as I do not intend to discuss this question at large, I content myself with saying, in few words, that my opposition to the further extension of local slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation in Congress, is general and universal.

It has no reference to limit of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension and all such increase, in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, against all inducements, against all supposed limitation of great interests, against all combinations, and against all compromises. This is short, but I hope clear and comprehensive. It is merely to announce my purpose, and I have no more to say against this bill. It it be the pleasure of the Senate to take it as it came from the House of Representatives, it shall have my support; if amended, I shall vote against it.—So much for the Oregon territory.

With respect to California and New Mexico, no subject regarding them is before the Senate, and therefore I have only one remark to make, and that is that the controversy which has arisen in the Councils of the country respecting the Government of these Territories is just exactly that controversy which I supposed it very easy to foresee from the beginning. Easier to see from the beginning, I fear, than it is now to foresee a peaceable and satisfactory termination of it.

That subject is not now before us; I will, therefore, say no more upon it, but that I am happy in the recollection that for one I had nothing to do with the commencement of the late war with Mexico, but to oppose it with all my might, and that I had nothing to do with the treaty which terminated that war but to oppose it with all my might. I regarded the war as a calamity; I regard the treaty as a calamity, and I fear likely to prove by the annexations and acquisitions which it has brought to us, a greater, because a more permanent calamity than the war itself.

Mr. Butler followed in an expression of opposite views, and called upon Southern men to go to New Mexico and California with their slaves, in defiance of the Wilmot Proviso.

The debate was continued, and interesting speeches delivered by Messrs. Douglass, Hale, Calhoun, Niles, Metcalf, Johnson, of Maryland, Berrien and Foote.

On motion, 1,000 copies of the joint report of the Commissioners of the Northeastern boundary were ordered to be printed.

THE OREGON BILL.

The discussion of the Oregon Bill was then resumed. Mr. Foote moved to lay the bill upon the table, but the motion was negatived by a vote of 15 to 36.

Mr. Mason spoke in strong terms of opposition to the Wilmot Proviso being incorporated in it.

The question being upon Mr. Underwood's motion to amend that section, a long debate ensued, in which Messrs. Foote, Davis, of Miss., Downes, Hunter, Johnson, of Louisiana, King and others participated.

At half-past 3 o'clock, Mr. Underwood withdrew his motion, and Mr. Douglass moved an amendment extending the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific Ocean, which was adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Borland, Bright, Butler, Calhoun, Cameron, Davis, of Miss., Dickinson, Douglass, Downs, Fitzgerald, Foote, Hannegan, Houston, Hunter, Johnson of Md., Johnson of La., Johnson of Ga., King, Lewis, Mangum, Mason, Metcalfe, Pearce, Sebastian, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney and Underwood—33.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Atherton, Baldwin, Bradley, Breese, Clarke, Corwin, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dix, Dodge, Felch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Niles, Phelps, Upham, Walker, Webster—21.

After some unimportant amendments, the bill was passed by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Breese, Bright, Butler, Cameron, Davis of Miss., Dickinson, Douglass, Downs, Fitzgerald, Foote, Hannegan, Houston, Hunter, Johnson of Md., Johnson of La., Johnson of Ga., King, Lewis, Mangum, Mason, Metcalfe, Pearce, Sebastian, Spruance, Turney and Underwood—35.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Atherton, Baldwin, Bradbury, Calhoun, Clarke, Corwin, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dix, Dodge, Felch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Niles, Phelps, Upham, Walker, Webster and Westcott—22.

On the 11th, after the transaction of some business of an unimportant character, a Committee of Conference was appointed upon the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, returned from the House, after disagreeing to most of the Senate's amendments.

The usual resolution granting extra compensation to the officers, clerks and messengers, was passed.

Mr. Benton's resolution providing for reporting and publishing the debates of the Senate in the Union and National Intelligencer, was then taken up for consideration. A debate ensued, in which universal testimony was borne to the great ability and fidelity of Dr. Houston's reports. An amendment was then adopted, granting him extra compensation for annulling his contract, and the resolution, as amended, was passed by a vote of 38 to 9.

On the 12th, the River and Harbor Bill, from the House, was read twice and referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Atherton, from the Committee of Conference on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, made a report; which was concurred in.

[The House having concurred in a similar report, the bill stands passed. Among the amendments agreed to, and in the bill as passed, is that for the purchase of the Jefferson and Hamilton papers, at $20,000 each.]

The Oregon Bill, which had been returned from the House with a disagreement to the amendment of the Senate, extending the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific Ocean, was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Douglass moved that a Committee of Conference be appointed.

Mr. King suggested that the Senate must insist upon its amendment before it would be in order to ask a conference. He moved that the Senate insist upon its amendment [the Missouri Compromise.]

Mr. Benton said the first motion in order would be a motion to recede. He made that motion, and asked the yeas and nays upon it.

After a good deal of discussion upon points of order, a motion was made to lay the bill and amendment on the table, which was negatived—yeas 17, nays 30.

Mr. Benton hoped the vote would be taken on his motion to recede from the amendment. He had an anxious desire to adopt some mode of conciliation; and had always been against clogging the Oregon Bill with anything relating to California.

Quite an animated discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Berrien, Calhoun, Bell, Foote, Downs, Westcott, Butler, Houston, Benton, Yulee, Johnson, of Georgia, and others took part; and which had not concluded at 4 P. M., when the Senate took a recess until 5½ P. M.

Mr. Benton said that all talk about disunion was "sound and fury signifying nothing," and that if any individual should attempt to raise the standard of disunion the women and children would take him and tie him with a string until he came to his senses—the men of the country wouldn't think it worth their while to go to the trouble. They would leave it to the women and children.

The Senate remained in session all the night of the 12th, and into Sunday morning.

Various motions were made, immediately after the recess, to get up the report of the Committee of Conference, on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the Army Appropriation Bill, and for that purpose to postpone the consideration of the Oregon Territorial Bill, which the presiding officer (Mr. Niles) had declared to be first in order. From this decision of the Chair Mr. Yulee finally appealed, and the decision was reversed, 19 to 30. The report of the Committee of Conference was accordingly taken up, and after debate was finally concurred in.

The consideration of the Oregon Bill was then resumed—Mr. Johnson, of Ga., having the floor—but he gave way to Mr. Webster, who desired to make a few remarks before the question was taken on the motion of the Senator from Missouri, to recede from their amendments.

Mr. Webster was inclined to say but little further on the question or protract the debate. He contended that as five slave States had been added to the Union from acquired foreign territory, there was no injustice in limiting its further extension; and he repeated, as he had the other day, that he should do nothing to extend the area of slavery—to increase the slave representation in the other branch of Congress.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, replied briefly to the remarks of both Mr. Benton and Mr. Webster.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Houston and Foote.

A motion was then made to adjourn, and the yeas and nays were ordered, but the Senate refused to adjourn—18 to 32.

Mr. Butler rose to a question of privilege, and called attention to certain resolutions published in the New York Herald of that day, [in reference to Gen. Kearney,] which had been offered in Executive Session, and, by the publication of which, he said, the rules of the Senate had been violated by the Senator from Missouri, (Mr. Benton.) He moved to go into Executive Session, with a view to consider the subject. Messrs. Mason and Berrien seconded the motion.

Mr. Breese denied the right of the Senator to make the motion, while the Oregon Bill was pending.

Mr. Benton was in favor of having it proceeded with, and with open doors. He was, for one, determined to sit here, during the Sabbath, rather than the efforts of those who were talking about a dissolution of the Union should succeed.

Mr. Berrien insisted that the motion was in order, and should be decided.

Mr. Benton thought it not proper that the business of the Senate could be interrupted, to settle a quarrel between two members. For if the Senator from South Carolina, or any other, said that he had done any thing dishonorable, he would get the *lie* in his throat—yes he would get the *lie* in his throat; [cries of order, order,] and he would have to meet him elsewhere, yes, elsewhere.

Mr. Butler was ready to meet him there or anywhere else. [Order, order, order.]

Mr. Benton repeated what he had before said—"the *lie* in the throat;" and much confusion and excitement prevailed, with cries of order, order, order, from all parts of the chamber.

The presiding officer desired Mr. Benton to take his seat, and he did so accordingly.

Mr. Bell obtained the floor, and argued at some length the question of privilege, contending that the motion was not in order, and intimating that it was an effort to defeat the great measure before them. Whether he disagreed with his Southern brethren or not, he was disposed to do his duty fairly and without flinching.

Mr. Benton said that under a pretext for a secret session a public motion had been made here, by the Senator from South Carolina, directed at him, with a view to attract attention throughout the country. He quarreled with no man—he had fought—he fought once "to the *funeral*"—"to the death"—but he never *quarrelled*.

The presiding officer declared the motion of Mr. Butler to be out of order.

Mr. Butler explained the reasons which had induced him to make the motion. He had considered the publication a violation of the rules of the Senate to which he had felt bound to call their attention. He had intended no violation of the order or decorum of the Senate, and was alone responsible for what he had done.

Mr. Benton considered the remarks of the Senator from South Carolina no satisfaction for the attack which had been made upon him by that Senator and his *two seconds*—[alluding to the two Senators who had seconded his motion.] He required *indemnity*.

Mr. Mason felt bound to appeal from the decision of the Chair, and the question on sustaining that decision, was decided in the affirmative—30 to 11.

The consideration of the Oregon Bill was then resumed, and

The debate was continued by Messrs. Houston, Foote, Butler, Breese, Benton, Bell, Badger, Metcalfe, Atchison, Westcott and others. Mr. Westcott had the floor at six o'clock, A. M., on Sunday.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13, 6 o'clock A. M.—Mr. Westcott proceeded, and gave way to a motion by Mr. Lewis to adjourn. Lost, 9 to 27.

Mr. Westcott therefore continued his remarks. If this bill were passed to-day, with the restriction of slavery in it, he said, it would not be met with the Executive veto.

Mr. Foote moved an adjournment, (20 minutes past 6,) but the motion was decided in the negative, 10 to 26.

Mr. Yulee suggested that they might now as well proceed to vote on the subject.

Mr. Underwood concurred in the suggestion.—They had done all in their power. He had sat up some eight or ten nights during the time he was a member of the House, but never had he seen such a scene as he had witnessed during the past night. He hoped the practice would be abandoned, as no good had ever come from it, and that they would amend their rules so as to put it out of the power of any member to defeat or delay the wishes of the majority.

The debate was further continued by Messrs. Atchison, Dickinson, Fitzgerald, Calhoun, Mangum, Douglas, Downs, Butler, Jefferson Davis, Niles, Foote, Westcott and Walker.

The question was then taken on receding from the several amendments, and it was decided in the affirmative. So the bill has passed both Houses, without the "Missouri Compromise," and with the "Wilmot Proviso."

The test vote was on receding from the amendment by which the Missouri Compromise had been inserted, and was as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Baldwin, Benton, Bradbury, Breese, Bright, Cameron, Clarke, Corwin, Davis, of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dickinson, Dix, Douglass, Dodge, Felch, Fitzgerald, Green, Hale, Hamlin, Hannegan, Houston, Miller, Niles, Phelps, Spruance, Upham, Walker, Webster—29.

Nays—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Berrien, Borland, Butler, Calhoun, Davis, of Mississippi, Downs, Foote, Hunter, Johnson, of Maryland, Johnson, of Louisiana, Johnson, of Georgia, Lewis, Mangum, Mason, Metcalfe, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Turney, Underwood, Westcott, Yulee—25.

On motion of Mr. Dickinson, a bill granting a pension to Richard Reynolds, a poor blind man, who had lost his eyes in the service of his country, was taken up, as Mr. D. said, to give Senators an opportunity to do some good on the Sabbath day, and passed unanimously.

Then, at 20 minutes to 10, the Senate adjourned to 9 o'clock on Monday morning.

On the 14th, the Senate met at 9 o'clock. Sundry expedients to kill time were resorted to by Messrs. Turney, Yulee, and others, to prevent the question being taken upon a resolution to suspend the joint rule, so as to enable bills to be presented to the President that day. After some excitement, the question was taken and the resolution adopted. The Oregon Bill was thereupon sent to the President, and signed by him—so that it has become the law of the land.

Two or three private bills were passed, and sent to the President for his signature.

The resolution to resume the consideration of the unfinished business at the commencement of the next session, in the order in which it appears upon the calendar, was adopted.

After the adjournment the Senate met in Executive Session, and confirmed the nomination of Gen. Shields as Governor of the territory of Oregon.—The nomination of Judges and other territorial officers were also confirmed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 8th inst., in the evening, the House was engaged in the consideration of the River and Harbor bill. Messrs. Fisher, Marvin and Wick delivered speeches. The latter was both witty and severe upon the Barnburners.

Mr. Schenck, from the committee on roads and canals, reported a bill surrendering the Indiana portion of the national road to Indiana, which was passed.

Mr. Ashmun, from the joint committee, reported a resolution to pay the Intelligencer and Union $7,50 per column, for publishing the daily proceedings and debates of Congress. Mr. Ashmun spoke at some length in its favor. After considerable debate, Mr. Ficklin moved to lay the resolution upon the table, which was negatived, and the vote was then taken on its passage, and rejected by a vote of ayes 90, nays 85.

On motion, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, on the state of the Union, Mr. Cabell, chairman, and resumed the consideration of the River and Harbor bill.

The debate was participated in by Messrs. Dickinson, Rockwell, Evans, of Md., Mullen, Ficklin, and Johnson.

On the 9th, the House went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the River and Harbor bill.

Mr. Palfry then spoke in reply to Mr. Evans, in speaking of the Amistad negroes, he contended that nothing of right was due to Spain in this matter.

Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, took the opposite ground. These Amistad speeches were all taken from the time for which Mr. Outlaw was entitled to the floor, but he yielded it to the speakers.

Mr. Outlaw then proceeded with an internal improvement speech.

Mr. Palfry obtained the floor, and again opposed the paying for the Amistad negroes.

The hour of twelve having arrived, Mr. Hunt closed the debate, speaking in favor of the bill.

Several amendments were then offered, some of which were adopted.

The committee then rose and reported the bill to the House, with amendments, which were, on motion adopted, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a final reading.

On motion, the House then went into Committee of the Whole—Mr. Smith, of Indiana, in the chair, and took up the light-house bill.

Mr. Houston, of Delaware, made a speech defending the Senate Compromise bill, and reviewing the President's veto messages of the River and Harbor improvements.

On the 10th, Mr. Crozier moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to offer a resolution to suspend the contract for twelve copies of the Congressional Globe to each member during the last Congress. The yeas and nays were taken and decided in the negative; two thirds not voting for it; the vote was 74 to 53.

Mr. Cathcart moved a suspension of the rules, for the purpose of offering a resolution extending the extra compensation of the Post-master, Chaplain and folding-room employers. The suspension having been agreed to, and the resolution [illegible] up for consideration, Mr. Houston, of Alabama, moved to lay it on the table. Negatived.

Mr. Cathcart accepted an amendment, including the Sergeant-at-Arms. The resolution was then put on its final passage, and it was carried; yeas 101, nays 62.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to submit a resolution, preventing the squandering of the contingent fund of the House. Negatived; two thirds not voting for it.

A communication was received and read from N. P. Trist, dated Westchester, Pa., giving the history of his agency in framing the treaty. He charges the President with effecting a war with the intent to conquer and annex the whole of Mexico; with abusing the power entrusted to him; with resorting to subornation and perjury, and intimating how the House can investigate these charges, with a view to his impeachment. The reading of this document occasioned much sensation.

Mr. Truman Smith moved to refer the paper and accompanying documents to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and that it be printed.

Mr. Burt made some remarks as to the impropriety of permitting the private grievances of Mr. Trist to be sanctioned by the House.

Messrs. Charles J. Ingersoll, Holmes, of South Carolina, and Schenck, made various suggestions as to the disposition of the subject.

Mr. Smith's motion was divided, and on the motion to print, the question was negatived; yeas 83, nays 120. The motion to refer to the Committee on Foreign Relations was then carried.

Mr. White, from the Conference Committee on the Indian Appropriation bill, made a report, which was adopted.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole upon the Civil Appropriation bill, with Caleb B. Smith in the chair. The amendments were considered, and it was agreed to strike out the appropriation to remove obstructions in the Savannah river, yeas 78, nays 73. The committee then rose and reported the bill with amendments. The House then proceeded to act upon the amendments reported by the committee. De Kay's appropriation was carried by a vote of 98 to 87.

The House laid the Light-house Bill aside, and took up the report of the Committee of Ways and Means on the amendments to the Civil and Diplomatic Bill.

The item appropriating $140,000 to pay the Creek Indians, was discussed by Messrs. Vinton, Nicholl, Thompson, of Mississippi, and others.

This item was also warmly discussed by Messrs. Toombs and Cobb of Georgia, when the bill was laid aside and the Committee rose.

The Light-house Bill was then taken up and passed.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the discussion of the items on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill at half-past nine o'clock.

The House continued in session until half-past ten o'clock, acting upon forty-four of the fifty-six amendments of the Senate. Among the items rejected, without a count, was that providing payment for the Amistad negroes. Several others were rejected, leaving but three not acted upon, when the House adjourned.

The appropriation for Col. Fremont's survey was also rejected—yeas 29, nays 199.

The bill was then laid aside, and the House took up bills from the Senate, and at half past 10 o'clock P. M., adjourned.

On the 11th, the Speaker announced the first business in order to be the motion of Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, to reconsider the vote agreeing to the Senate's amendment, increasing the salaries of the Judges of the U. S. Courts in the State of Virginia, which prevailed.

Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, moved to reconsider the vote ordering the Georgia Railroad Bill to be engrossed. A debate ensued, in which Messrs. Vinton, Tompkins, Collamer and Gayle participated. The latter speaker called for the yeas and nays, when the vote was ordered to be reconsidered.

Mr. Rockwell then moved an amendment to the bill, but a motion offered by Mr. Vinton, to lay the whole subject upon the table, prevailed by a vote of 100 to 98.

Mr. Vinton called for the appointment of a Committee of Conference upon the unsettled amendments of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which was granted.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

Mr. Vinton then called up the Oregon Bill with the Senate's amendment.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, moved that the House disagree to the amendments, and called for the yeas and nays.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, moved that a call of the House be ordered, which was agreed to, and on the roll being called, 197 members answered to their names.

The question on the first amendment giving the Territorial Government the veto power, was then taken and negatived by a vote of 92 to 103.

The second amendment being of an unimportant character, was disagreed to without a division.

The question on the third amendment, extending the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific Ocean, was then taken by yeas and nays, and negatived—yeas 85, nays 121.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, moved to reconsider this vote, and moved to lay that motion on the table; which latter motion was agreed to.

The fourth amendment, which restricts the mileage of the delegate to the same amount now allowed to members travelling the greatest distance, was read and disagreed to.

The other amendment was read and agreed to without a division.

It was ordered that the Senate be informed of the action of the House on said amendments.

The bill making appropriations for the preservation and repair of certain public works, and for the improvement of certain harbors and rivers, and for the survey of certain harbors, was read a third time.

The question being on the passage of the bill—

Mr. Hunt moved the previous question; which was seconded, and under the operation thereof, the bill was passed by yeas and nays—yeas 118, nays 62.

Mr. Hunt moved to reconsider the vote; which motion was laid upon the table.

Mr. Farrelly, by leave from the Committee on Patents, to which was referred the petition of Thomas G. Clinton, an assistant examiner in the Patent Office, preferring charges against Edmund Burke, Commissioner of Patents, and the memorial of Edmund Burke, asking for an investigation of the charges preferred, made a report thereon, accompanied by the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

The resolution was agreed to, and the report ordered to be printed.

The House then took up the bill to apply certain alternate sections of the public domain towards the completion of the Clinton and Kalamazoo Canal, in the State of Michigan; which bill, after considerable discussion, was laid on the table.

On the 12th, Mr. Fries presented a paper from William Medill, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, addressed to the House, and denying the charges preferred against him, by Mr. Clingman, in debate, relative to the David Taylor claim, and denouncing Mr. Clingman as malicious and interested in said claim.

After speeches by Messrs. Burt, Evans, of Maryland, Woodward, Thompson, Fries, &c., this paper was withdrawn.

Mr. Vinton, from the Conference Committee on the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, made a report, in which the House was to concede some and the Senate some points.

Messrs. Toombs and Thompson, of Mississippi, opposed the report. Messrs. Vinton and Hudson explained, and supported it. Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, said he should go for the report, although he did not like the striking out of the Amistad appropriation. He reflected upon the Northern democracy for its defection on hearing the blast from the Buffalo horn.

The question on adopting the report was put to vote and decided by yeas and nays in the affirmative—yeas 101, nays 73.

The Post Office Appropriation Bill was taken up. A decision arose as to some of its provisions, by Root, Kaufman, Phelps and others. Some of the Senate's amendments were agreed to—others not.

The House took up the bill for granting public lands for a railroad in Illinois. A motion to lay it on the table was lost. The bill was then put upon its passage, and was defeated—yeas 74, nays 76.

Mr. McLane moved to reconsider the vote, and gave his reasons for so doing. He wished to vote for the bill.

On Saturday evening, Mr. McLane moved to reconsider the vote by which the Senate bill was rejected, granting the right of way and donations of land to the State of Illinois for a railroad from Cairo to Chicago. Mr. McL. supported this motion in a series of remarks. The motion was rejected.

The bill from the Senate, to carry into effect certain stipulations of the treaty with Mexico, (those in relation to the claims of American citizens,) was taken up, and after several motions, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Cobb moved an adjournment, as so much confusion prevailed, that it was impossible to do any business. Lost.

On motion of Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, the House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up Senate bills on the private calendar, a number of which were considered, reported to the House, and passed; among them the bill to pay Richard M. Johnson for the buildings erected for the Choctaw Academy.

A resolution was introduced to make with the "Union" and "Intelligencer" the same arrangement in regard to reporting, which had already been agreed to by the Senate—but the House refused to suspend the rules to consider the same.

The report of the Conference Committee on the Army Appropriation Bill was concurred in, and then the House, at about 9 o'clock, A. M., adjourned to 10, A. M., on Monday morning.

On the 14th, nothing important transpired in the House, and at 12 o'clock Congress adjourned *sine die*.

Items of News.

AN OHIO CATFI.—A Scotch gentleman was lately angling in the Ohio River at Louisville, with a small line, when all at once the line began to disappear, and both the pole and the fisherman had a tendency to follow suit. The angler tugged away like a good fellow for about half an hour, and finally, with some assistance, brought up the "gudgeon," which proved to be a blue catfish weighing fifty-six pounds, and with a head on him as large as a peck measure. The fish was hauled home on a dray and divided out among the neighbors.

WON'T STAY IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Arco Iris thus notices the abandonment by its inhabitants, of a portion of the country ceded to the United States:—

"*Laredo.*—The Mexican inhabitants of this portion of the State of Tamaulipas ceded by the Treaty of Peace to the United States, have the larger portion of them passed over to the right bank of the Rio Bravo—and have given to their new settlement the name of New Laredo."

THE LEAP OVER NIAGARA FALLS.—We gave an account the other day of a boy named White, five years old, being carried over Niagara Falls. We had supposed that the force of the water would tear the body to atoms. Such, however, was not the case, as the body has since been found floating near Niagara township. It was in an entire state of nudity, the clothes having been all torn off. The right arm was broken above the elbow, and the forehead was crushed in.—*Exchange paper.*

RE-ENACTED.—The lustre which one act of heroism shed around the name of Pocahontas, has been emulated by a South Sea Island female. When the American whale ship Triton was lately wrecked at Sydenham's Island, the commander, Captain Spencer, was only saved from the general massacre of his crew by the wife of the savage chief throwing herself between the intended victim and his executioners.

SHARK FISHING.—The good people of Nantucket have recently entered into a new branch of business—no other than fishing for sharks! About a dozen persons have captured during the last month some fourteen hundred of these fish, realizing about eight hundred dollars therefor. The fish yield each over a gallon of oil, and the carcases bring ten cents a piece.

A YOUNG HERO.—A little boy of 12 years, son of Captain Whitney, of Cambridgeport, on Wednesday afternoon week, rescued from drowning a child named Abby Daniels, 6 years of age, who had fallen from a wharf into the water. The gallant lad also went in a second time to secure the little girl's bonnet.

GRACELESS SCAMPS.—An imposition was practised upon an unsuspecting clergyman, in Reading, recently, by a couple of graceless scamps, one of whom was attired in petticoats. The minister performed the marriage ceremony for them, and they completed the joke by giving him a counterfeit bill.

THE POTATO ROT.—The Belfast (Me.) Journal, states that the potato rot is beginning to prevail extensively in that region, particularly near the sea-board. Many farmers express fears of losing their entire crop. Last year the rot did not touch the potatoes until the last of August.

THE PRAIRIE CAR.—The St. Louis Republican says General Semple's Prairie Car seems to operate to the satisfaction of the Springfield public. It has run regularly at the rate of four or five miles an hour, carrying fifty passengers, and for several miles has run ten miles an hour. It is proposed to raise ten or twelve thousand dollars, to put a daily train in operation between Springfield and Alton.

THE FIRST POST OFFICE.—The first Post Office in America was established in 1683, by William Penn, who appointed Henry Waldy, of Seakony, Post Master, with power to supply passengers with horses from Philadelphia to New Castle, or to the Falls of the Delaware. A mail went once a week, and its movements were published on the meeting-house door and other public places.

TELEGRAPHIC.—We are informed that communication on the great Southern line to New Orleans has been much interrupted in the pine forest regions of the Carolinas, by the falling of trees across the wires, and also by the frequency of thunder storms.

CHESS.—A "chess tournament," as it is styled, took place at Drennon's Lick, Ky., on the 14th inst. This is the annual encounter of the most skilful chess-players of several States, and the company at Drennon's Lick is always brilliant on these interesting occasions.

TWO RIVERS GOING TO EUROPE.—Banvard is about to take his vast panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to Europe. He has cleared, it is said, fifty thousand dollars by its exhibition in New York.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

Paredes had still succeeded in eluding the pursuit of the officers of government, who were still endeavoring to arrest him.

The citizens of Mexico were urging government to recall General Bustamente, to institute inquiries as to why Paredes was suffered to escape.

The city of Vera Cruz was surrendered to the Mexican authorities on the 1st. Everything passed off quietly.

Riley and other officers of the legion of St. Patrick have been arrested, for endeavoring to excite a revolt in that regiment. It is also stated that some three hundred of this band had left the city of Mexico for Queretaro, shouting for Almonte, who is supposed to have supplied them with money. It is the opinion at Vera Cruz that Almonte is but the tool in this matter of Santa Anna.

IRELAND.

We find the following card in the New York Tribune of Tuesday morning, where it is conspicuously inserted:

FRIENDS OF IRELAND! NOW OR NEVER!

The blow is struck, the contest is now waging; it is ten days old. Smith O'Brien denounced as a traitor, with a price set upon his capture, maintains unequal war on the heights of Cahirmoyle; Doheny is at Slievenamone; O'Gorman is raising Limerick; Dillon and Meagher are struggling for Waterford.

Why sleeps the Irish blood in America? Precious hours are being wasted; precious blood is flowing. The Dying call for Vengeance—the Living Hope of Ireland implore your aid. Let us promptly answer the call. Awake to instant action! Ask no questions, but remit funds at once to Robert Emmet, our Treasurer. Trust to our zeal, determination and prudence, and neither you nor Ireland shall be disappointed.

ROBERT EMMET, JAMES W. WHITE,
CHARLES O'CONNOR, MICHAEL T. O'CONNOR,
HORACE GREELEY, THOMAS HAYES,
FELIX INGOLDSBY, BARTHOLD. O'CONNOR,
JOHN MCKEON,
Directory of the Friends of Ireland.
New York, August 14, 1848.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Another letter has been received in this city from Gen. Taylor, by G. Lippard. It is as follows. The Ledger says that it is authentic.

BATON ROUGE, LA., July 24, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 5th inst., asking of me a line or two, in regard to my position as a candidate for the Presidency, has been duly received.

In reply, I have to say, that I am not a party candidate, and if elected, shall not be the President of a party, but the President of the whole people.

I am, dear sir, with high respect and regard, your most obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR.

OREGON.—The following gentlemen, nominated by the President, were confirmed as Executive and Judicial officers for Oregon, viz:—

General Shields, of Illinois, for Governor.
J. C. Prichard, of Pennsylvania, for Secretary of State.
Wm. P. Bryant, of Indiana, for Chief Justice.
Joseph L. Meek, of Oregon, for Marshall.

Clippings.

☞ "Many think they think," says Leigh Hunt, but, as the paradox implies, they are mistaken. Nine-tenths or what they call thought is only a vivid, involuntary revival of what they have read or seen.

☞ Quaint old Thomas Fuller, speaking of the bare, bald style of the schoolmen, says some have attributed it to design, "lest any of the *vermin of equivocation* should hide themselves under the *nap* of their words."

☞ Drayton, charged with the abduction of the slaves captured on board the schooner Pearl, has been found guilty upon another indictment.

☞ The amount of hard cash paid for intoxicating drinks in London alone, is three millions sterling per annum.

☞ For certain purposes artists have ruled parallel lines so close to each other, that ten thousand are contained in a single inch.

☞ At a public dinner, at Goldsborough, N. C., on Saturday week, a pie containing one hundred and twenty chickens and two shoats was served up among other matters. This throws the "four and twenty black birds" into the shade.

☞ The London Association for the Protection of Trade keep a register of swindlers and persons unworthy of credit. The list of names has been increased during the past year from 7,452 to 17,600.

☞ An eating house has been opened on Sixth street, Cincinnati, called simply "Lamartine," and the Commercial says, that, like its namesake, it stands at the head of the "Provisional Government."

☞ The greatest competitor with the United States for supplying the world with bread, is Russia. It is estimated on good authority, that the quantity of wheat annually exported from Russian ports, averages twenty millions of bushels.

☞ A despatch by telegraph was received at Charleston, direct from Montgomery, Alabama, proving conclusively that electricity can travel over eight hundred miles of wire.

MISSOURI takes the lead this year in the appointment of Thanksgiving Day—Governor Edwards having proclaimed the 24th of November.

☞ "When I am making up a plan of consequence," says Lord Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult with a sensible woman." Lord Bolinbroke was a wise man.

☞ "There are some marvellous things in Scripture, to be sure," said Mrs. Partington; "I read of a palsied man that was *born of fever*, which is one of the strangest things I ever heard of. It looks to me impossible—but it's Scripture, and must be true."

☞ Selfishness has no soul. It is a heart of stone encased in iron. Selfishness cannot see the miseries of the world—it cannot feel the pangs and thrusts of hunger. It robs its own grave, sells its own bones to the doctor, and its soul to the devil. Reader, are you selfish?

☞ Some one speaking to Hood about the embarrassed state of business affairs of an acquaintance, remarked that his obligations were in almost every body's hands. "Yes," replied the inexorable, "I have been for some time aware that he was becoming extremely *note-orious*."

☞ Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

☞ Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick.

☞ There is but one instance of a person interfering between man and wife in their broils, either with safety or success, and that person thrashed them both.

☞ A New York paper states that Bristow, the celebrated writing-master of that city, taught a lawyer, in a course of twelve lessons, to read his own hand writing! We wish some newspaper correspondents would try a course, and see if similar results could not be attained.

☞ Marriage may be said to be strong with a thousand delicate strings. It is our business, therefore, to keep them completely in tune; for if the least be broken, the whole harmony is destroyed.

☞ A witty gentleman, observing a citizen who had lost an arm, passing, said he presumed he might be called an off-hand man.

☞ It is estimated that there are 30,000 clergymen, of all denominations, in the United States.

☞ Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil where virtue prospers.

☞ An exchange paper in giving an account of the sentence of death passed upon a young man, says, "he appeared to feel unpleasantly."

☞ "I cannot," said a lady who was leaning upon a rail, at the opera house, during a little confusion—"I cannot catch a note." "Never mind that, my dear, so long as you have got hold of a bar."

OF ALL the coquettes that are found in our nation,
There is none that more cheats us than ANN-ticipation;
She coaxes and flatters, with prospects of gain,
Then, blasting our prospects, she fills us with pain;
She wheedles all sexes, conditions and ages,
The grave and the gay, and the politic sages;
The young and the old, the rich and the poor,
All live on her smiles, till she turns them out door.

☞ It is said that an Irish jury once refused to believe a man on his oath, that he was not murdered, and found the murderer guilty.

☞ A "collection of corns from distinguished toes," is said to be now exhibited among the curiosities of Paris.

☞ We ask physicians if these things are not so:—If an old hat sits uneasy on the head, will not the application of chloroform produce a comfortable *nap*? When a person's pocket gets *bill-ious*, is not *change*, of some sort, desirable? Do not doctors, generally speaking, *bleed* their patients too freely?

☞ An exchange says that a lady went into a hardware store the other day, in which were a couple of clerks, and called for a pair of *snuffers*. "Suppose you take us," said the clerks, "we both *snuff*."

☞ Pope says, "the greatest advantage I know in being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool."

☞ An old writer, speaking of the Jesuits, archly says that such is their charity, that "they never owe any man any ill-will, making always present payment thereof."

☞ Quicksilver will readily soak into the pores of gold.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 3d to the 11th August.

August 3, received from			
Mrs. E. Woone	$2.00	P. S. Harris, Jr.	2.00
B. Julian	10.00	L. H. Partlow	2.00
Miss M. A. Poss	1.00	Mrs. C. S. Evans	1.00
L. Reed	1.00	Miss T. A. Percy	2.00
J. Reed	1.00	G. L. Kane & Co.	15.00
N. Palmer	10.00	R. B. Reeves	2.00
Miss J. Fries	1.00	N. H. Pyle, Jr.	2.00
H. R. Cave & Co.	10.00	Mrs. C. W. Elling	2.00
S. T. Haines	2.00		
August 4.			
J. Neil	2.00	C. E. Kennedy	2.00
A. Erskin	2.00	J. E. Stonch	2.00
W. Brown	2.00	R. L. Simpson & Co.	28.00
R. Silleman	2.00	C. L. Lowley	13.75
J. Reakirt	2.00	R. C. Waples	2.00
A. Heywood	2.00	P. Waples	2.00
Sarah Bossen	2.00	Mrs. M. L. Lexnart	2.00
J. Davis	2.00	S. C. Bennett & Co.	10.00
K. Emmons	2.00	D. W. Wesley, Jr.	2.00
J. W. Swett	4.00	P. T. Lewis & Co.	10.00
J. Cooper	2.00		
August 5.			
A. Morris	2.00	J. Brogan	2.00
I. L. Raymond	2.00	J. Hayes	2.00
D. Vanck	1.00	S. P. Carlisle & Co.	15.00
A. Peer	2.00	Mrs. C. W. Lamb	2.00
G. K. Eickbaum	2.00	Mrs. L. A. Creamer	2.00
H. E. Yevers	4.00	P. W. Hilton, Jr.	2.00
Maj. S. H. Fredericks	10.00	Mrs. E. C. Wood	2.00
W. W. Norton	2.00	N. & T. Barnes	2.00
S. Vanstavern	2.00	Miss R. H. Taylor	2.00
J. G. Brown, Jr.	2.00	W. & C. Dean	4.00
J. Collins	1.00		
August 7.			
J. Halloway	1.00	J. P. Wright	10.00
J. Henderson	2.00	A. O. Leonard	2.00
W. Parkinson	20.00	Justus White	25.00
J. M. Gray	4.00	Mrs. L. E. March	2.00
S. Rice	2.00	Miss A. D. Leach	2.00
W. H. Canfield	1.75	C. & P. Kramer	5.00
J. Wilson	2.00	A. D. Welsh, Jr.	2.00
G. O. Moore	10.00	T. & C. Butler	4.00
J. B. Hayes	10.00		
August 8.			
T. H. West	1.50	Mrs. M. H. Dicks	2.00
H. P. Stone	20.00	M. C. [illegible] & Co.	15.00
C. W. Merry	7.50	H. & G. Jarden	5.00
G. N. Dickenson	2.00	Miss L. T. Homer	2.00
H. Stone	2.00	N. C. & J. Buck	4.00
A. Lessig	10.00	R. W. Dessing	2.00
J. Brooke	2.00	C. H. Jacobs, Jr.	2.00
Mrs. C. E. Horne	2.00	Mrs. E. A. Powell	2.00
August 9.			
C. F. Scoville	2.00	H. R. Kelly & Co.	10.00
W. D. Tumbler	10.00	R. T. Curtiss & Co.	15.00
G. Allen	2.00	C. & D. Gruth	4.00
Mrs. P. T. Heston	2.00	T. T. Dorns, Jr.	2.00
Miss E. D. Culvally	2.00	W. H. Jessup, Jr.	2.00
Mrs. S. G. Heston	2.00	Miss E. R. McGrael	2.00
A. L. & W. Daniels	5.00		
August 10.			
D. Jackson	20.50	N. P. Anderson, Jr.	2.00
J. Moore	2.00	L. C. Dillon, Jr.	2.00
S. Way	5.00	Mrs. E. L. Cook	2.00
W. Phillips	1.25	P. W. & D. Neill	10.00
H. P. Waugh	2.00	C. R. Van Felt, Jr.	2.00
J. M. Downs	20.00	H. H. Broome & Co.	15.00
Miss J. Potts	2.00	R. & D. Fish	4.00
Mrs. H. T. Ohlen	2.50	C. H. Jordan, Jr.	2.00
H. & B. Talley	1.00		
August 11.			
D. Koontz	5.00	Mrs. C. C. Crane	2.00
Miss M. Maguire	2.00	Miss A. E. Dunn	2.00
S. W. Hodges	2.00	C. & D. W. Flynn	10.00
J. N. Stassey	2.00	H. R. Crockett, Jr.	2.00
W. P. Gurley	2.00	J. B. Henchman	2.00
J. Gill	2.00	E. & S. S. Alshire	4.00
J. L. Walker	2.00	H. & G. Perry	4.00
B. De Forest	2.00	R. S. Chester & Co.	10.00
C. D. Topping	20.00	Dr. P. W. Orr	2.00
W. C. Williams	4.00	B. W. Bailey, Jr.	2.00
E. V. Downs	2.00		

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME.

Delay is dangerous—neglect that cold and cough a few weeks, and the hope of recovery will be lost to you forever. Let not any pecuniary consideration deter you from trying to save your life and health while there is a chance. Consumption is annually sweeping off thousands to the tomb; no disease has baffled the skill of physicians like it; no physician, perhaps, has ever done more for the relief of suffering humanity than Dr. Wistar. An "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—therefore, before your lungs become ulcerated, and so diseased, that no human means can save you from an early grave, try in season, try at once, a medicine which has been of such infinite value to thousands—obtain a bottle of Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, take it, get another if necessary, persevere in using it until you have removed the disease entirely, which if neglected will terminate your life. Be not deceived by quacks, with their imitations and counterfeits; buy none but the genuine and original, which is signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street; Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. tf

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '68	104¼	104½	Commercial	52	—
" '67	104¼	104½	N Liberty	40	46
" '62	103	104	Mechanics	24½	25
" '56	102	103	Kensington	56	—
" 5s '53	91	95	P Township	25½	—
" 5s '51	80½	90	Girard	10	10¼
U S Tr N 6s	103¼	104	Western	48	—
Philada 6s	99½	100	Man & Mechs	27	27½
" 5s	88	90	Bk of Com	49	52
County 6s	96	—	Camden	30	—
" 5s	82	83	Germantown	55	—
Penna 6s	84	85	Pottsville	30	—
" 5s	74¼	74½	Trenton Bkg Co	22	25
Kentucky 6s	98	99	M & M, Pitts	42½	—
Tennessee 6s	90	—	Exchange, Pitts	40	41
" 5s	70	—	Louisville, Ky	87	—
Pittsburg 6s	88	90	Kentucky Bk	80	—
Texas Notes	—	11	Northern	97	—
Texas bds 8s	17	18	Union, Tenn	41	43
" bds 10s	18	19	Planters, Tenn	—	45
Schuyl N 6s '68	79½	80	Vicksburg	15	16
Lehigh N 6s	56	56	N O Gas Bk	119	124
" Mort	81	82	Schuyl Nav	12½	16
" Cl Scrip	78½	78¾	Lehigh Nav	—	28
C & Del Cl 6s	81	83	C & Del Cl	60	65
C & Am R 6s	97½	100	Morris Cl	9¼	9½
Susquen Cl 6s	42	52	Penn & Ohio Cl	23	27¼
Norrist'n R 6s	64	75	Cam & Am R	129	134
Harrisburg R 6s	82	—	Bea M'dw R	20	—
Wil R 6s	77	78¼	Susqueh Cl	9	12
Read R 6s '50	57	57½	Norristown R	11	—
" Mort 6s	—	63	Harrisburg R	33½	34¼
U S Bk Notes	—	90	Wilmington R	21	25
U S Bk Shares	2½	3	Reading R	16¾	17
N Amer Bk	114½	115	Flem Copper	4	4¼
Penna Bk	260½	261	N J Copper	1½	2
Philadelphia	118	118¼	Allegheny Cop	—	3¼
Far & Mec	52	54			

Ledger.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER,
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 19, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA		NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U. S. bank notes	11 dis	VERMONT	
Girard do	par	Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	1 dis	CONNECTICUT	
Berks county	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Gettysburg	1 dis	MASSACHUSETTS	
Carlisle	1 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Lewistown	88 dis	RHODE ISLAND	
Brownsville	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis	CANADA	
Waynesburg	1½ dis	Montreal	5 dis
Washington	1½ dis	VIRGINIA	
Erie	45 dis	Bk of Va & branches	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	21 dis	Far Bk & bran	do
Lebanon	par	Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Lehigh county bank	—	Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Towanda	no sale	Wheeling	do dis
Honesdale	½ dis	NORTH CAROLINA	
Harrisburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Wyoming	1½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA	
Middletown	½ dis	So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
Northampton	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	Small notes	2 dis
Pottsville	par	GEORGIA	
Relief notes	1½ dis	Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY		Central Bk. of Mill.	1½ dis
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden Medford	par	Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Plainfield		Ruckersville Bkg Co.	—
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
N. Hope Del Bridge	80 dis	Small notes	2 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis	ALABAMA	
DELAWARE		Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
All solvent banks	par	Country banks	5 dis
MARYLAND		MISSISSIPPI	
Baltimore banks	½ dis	All banks	uno
Mineral bank	2 dis	LOUISIANA	
Salisbury	no sale	All solvent banks	2½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis	FLORIDA	
Cumberland	1 dis	So. Life & Trust Co.	—
Washington county	1 dis	OHIO	
Hagerstown	1 dis	Bank of Wooster	50 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis	Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA		Small notes	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	KENTUCKY	
NEW YORK		All solvent banks	1½ dis
City banks	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Canal bk. Albany	50 dis	INDIANA	
Tonawanda	40 dis	State bank	2 dis
Oswego	60 dis	Small notes	2½ dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis	ILLINOIS	
James bank	1 dis	Bank of Illinois	50 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis	State bank	70 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1	Bank of Cairo	—
Northern Ex. bk	2 dis	MISSOURI	
Country banks	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE		TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	3 dis
		MICHIGAN	
		Bank of St. Clair	no sale
		Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
		ARKANSAS	
		All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN	
		Mineral Point	—
		Bank of Milwaukie	—
		IOWA	
		Miners' bank	—

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ALMANAC.

August 1848	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
19 Saturday,	5 17	6 43	5 58	
20 Sunday,	5 18	6 42	6 30	D. H. M.
21 Monday,	5 19	6 41	7 45	
22 Tuesday,	5 20	6 40	8 41	
23 Wedn'sday,	5 21	6 39	9 38	First 6 9 8e
24 Thursday,	5 22	6 38	10 35	Full 14 3 15
25 Friday,	5 24	6 36	11 31	Last 21 11 3
26 Saturday,	5 25	6 35	12 15	New 28 1 31

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Aug.	6,	75	84	90
	7,	79	90	90
	8,	73	87	91
	9,	73	83	88
	10,	74	84	91
	11,	78	78	90
	12,	77	81	80

Married,

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. L. Jones, of New York, Mr. JORDAN LANCASTER, of Grantsville, S. C. to Miss MARIA L. BRIGGS, of New York city.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. Thos. H. Quinan, Mr. CHARLES H. BOWMAN, to Miss MARY L. RICH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st of April, by the Rev. Wm. L. Suddards, MARTIN TSCHUDY, to MARY R. LILLY.

On the 8th inst. by Ald. E. Crowell, PETER BORDEN, to MARTHA ANN BORDEN, both of Monmouth county, New Jersey.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. A. Rood, J. D. EVERARD, to Miss SARAH A. daughter of the late Wm. A. Lee, Esq. all of this county.

On the 8th instant, at the residence of A. Comfort, PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, to MERCIE K. TAYLOR, both of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 29th of July, by Alderman G. Boozer, Mr. FREDERICK WALTER, to Miss CAROLINE MACK, both of this city.

By the same, on the 6th inst. Mr. HENRY FELDMEN, to Miss WILHELMINA WECKER, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, FRANCIS GLENN, to Miss MARIA TAYLOR, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. in West Chester, by the Rev. Alfred S. Patton, Mr. WILLIAM M. WAY, to Miss ELIZABETH THOMAS, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Quinan, Mr. JOHN E. PETERSON, formerly of Cumberland county, N. Jersey, to Miss ISABELLA JONES, of Philadelphia.

Died,

On fourth day, 7th mo. 26th, SARAH T. daughter of Daniel and Mary Williams, of Shrewsbury, N. Jersey, aged 31 years.

"The circle is broken, one seat is forsaken,
One bud from the tree of our promise is taken,
The heart that was beating with kindness alone
Is still. All its throbbings forever are o'er,
And the voice that we cherished for sweetness of tone
Is hushed. We shall list to its music no more."

On the 11th inst. MARY TAYLOR.

On the 8th inst. MARGARET J. WILLIAMS, aged 7 months.

On the 10th inst. Mr. THOMAS MERCER, aged 62.

On the 11th inst. WM. ROBINSON, aged 37 years.

On the 10th inst. MARY CATHARINE, daughter of Peter and Sarah Sipps, aged 11 months.

On the 11th inst. GEO. W. BAUTZ, aged 7 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY CLEAVER, aged 91.

On the 11th inst. JAMES, son of John and Jane Atkinson, aged 7 months.

On the 11th inst. ROBERT, son of Wm. Whitaker, aged 2 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. LETITIA IRWIN, aged 91.

On the 11th inst. JOHN KNOWLES, aged 2 years.

On the 11th inst. JOSEPH HENRY, son of Jacob and Louisa Foster, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 9th inst. MATILDA, wife of Wm. Milligan, aged 32 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. EMMA DANIELS, aged 20.

On the 10th inst. AMBROSE H. MOUNT, aged 11 months.

On the 10th inst. THOS. MARSHALL, aged 29 years.

In Roxborough, on the 10th instant, JOHN P., son of John and Elizabeth Smart, aged 5 years.

At Bridgeton, N. J. LEWIS, son of James H. and Harriet McCormick, of this city, aged 11 months.

On the 8th instant, ANNIE, daughter of Henry and Maria Goodman.

At Sour Lake, Texas, Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, of Galveston, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. Mr. CHRISTIAN ROBB, aged 44.

On the 8th inst. FRANCIS DONATH, aged 52 years.

On the 9th inst. SARAH ROCK, aged 21 months.

On the 10th inst. ELLEN, daughter of Jas. and Mary O'Donnel, aged 17 months.

On the 12th inst. WILLIAM G. KEYSER, aged 23.

On the 10th inst. FREDERICK HINDS, aged 88 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ELIAS UTTER, aged 70 years.

On the 8th inst. Mr. EDWARD BOYLE, aged 60.

On the 7th inst. Mr. HENRY DAVIS, aged 85 years.

On the 8th inst. Mr. WM. HINES, aged 73 years.

On the 8th inst. ENOCH GARTSIDE, aged 16 months.

On the 8th instant, ELEANOR, daughter of John and Eleanor Knight, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. ANN MILLER, aged 28 years.

On the 7th inst. MARY G. BINDER, aged 17 years.

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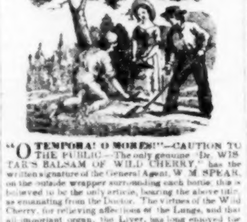

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W. M. SPEAR.

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[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

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Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested. O. CONRAD,
jan 29-6m No. 96 North SECOND Street, Importer of Watches.

TO BRICK MANUFACTURERS.
TO BRICK MANUFACTURERS.—Miller's Improved Hand BRICK PRESSES, and BRICK MAKER'S TOOLS, manufactured and for sale by SAMUEL P. MILLER, No. 153 South Fifth street, below Spruce, Philadelphia. Undoubted reference can be given to those who have the presses in use when required. N. B.—A premium was awarded to S. P. Miller at the last Exhibition of the Franklin Institute for Improved Brick Press. aug5-6t*

CAUTION.
THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be a one nothing such baseness, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole style of the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the NAME of JULES HAUEL, be on the label.
JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

☞ WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!—Unrivalled dark, lovely and beautiful hair is produced by the use of that popular preparation, known as JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL RESTORATIVE.

No one will use any other after once using this delightful article. It is pronounced to be a prodigy in chemistry. It cleans the hair, renders it beautifully bright, smooth and glossy, and restores the hair where it has fallen off from disease, and in these desirable effects it has *never failed to give satisfaction.*

Its effects are perfectly astonishing—its results are certain. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, jy22-1y 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side.

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

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Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this article—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made expressly of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britania Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second and Third, (south side) Philada.
june 3-1y

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the interior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all, with a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes a soreness in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored faeces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal canal, by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the back, &c.* The sympathetic symptoms are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulant, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.

These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are Entirely Vegetable, and their power over diseases in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.

All can be cured who will use them as directed, to weigh the power of medicine.

These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No 278 RACE STREET, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.

☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may6-1y

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Between THIRD and FOURTH Streets,
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YOUTHS' HATS AND CAPS,
In great variety, among which is a new article for *Spring and Summer wear.*
PLAIN HATS FOR FRIENDS.
Made in the best manner and for superiority of finish and material, have never been surpassed.
THE SPRING FASHIONS.
For Gentlemen's and Youth's Hats, are just out; also a new style of Lady's Riding Caps, to which the attention of purchasers is requested, assuring them that the prices are such as will please all who may favor us with a visit, being as low as are offered at any Establishment in the country. CHAS. OAKFORD,
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Poem.

[WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.]

BROTHER JONATHAN TO MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

"A LOVING BALLAD."

Ho, Martin! thou bold Britisher,
Thou of the "heart of oak!"
Whose throb fraternal love doth stir,
For us poor Yankee folk!—
I tell thee—as an honest man,
Whose love no strife can cool,
That, as thou lovest Jonathan,
So loves he Johnny Bull!

We both are of one lineage,
From one pure fount we rise,
We fill the same historic page,
With deeds of "high emprise."
We learned, what only heroes can,
In war's terrific school—
Three cheers for Brother Jonathan,
Six cheers for Johnny Bull.

'Tis true, dear Martin, as you say,
That all of good and great,
Which makes us England's proud array,
Is part of our estate;
But still the past events may span
With honor not too full,
To which less claim hath Jonathan,
Than honest Johnny Bull.

For instance, Martin—Brother John
Did "cut it rather fat"
When the poor Chinamen were done,
And never smelt the rat;
On Erin, too, there falls a ban,
A grinding sort of rule,
To which no claim makes Jonathan—
The glory is to Bull.

You say I ran away from home,
As truant boys will do,
And wonder why I sought to roam
So far away from you—
I'll tell you, brother, why I ran!
I did not like the school,
But dearly—always—Jonathan,
Did love schoolmaster Bull!

Yet when I ran away from thee
I was a foolish child
You know old Bull would torture me
And wouldn't "draw it mild"
Since then my sin I daily scan,
And do repent in full—
Great sorrow hath poor Jonathan
For once offending Bull.

But yet my sorrow scarce was told,
When from your friendly shore,
Came Fidler, Hall and Trollope, bold
Dickens, and many more
With kindness their great hearts o'erran—
They placed me on a stool,
And then belabor'd Jonathan,
To tickle Johnny Bull.

To them our grateful thanks we raise
For all good counsel given;
If truth, fair spoken, merits praise,
These worthies merit heaven.
Their good intents, their honest plan,
To teach us how to rule,
Deserve the thanks of Jonathan—
Pray take them, brother Bull.

And if your schools can furnish more
Of this most modest class,
Dickens will lend them wings to soar
And find them all in brass.
For since your "tourists" first began
My snubby nose to pull,
More brazen sneak, in shape of man,
Ne'er came from Johnny Bull.

"God save the Queen," delights us more,
We love her royal self;
We love the babies that have come
To bless the house of Guelph!
We love the peerage, child and man
Who crowd her coffers full!
But doing this—prays Jonathan,
Don't starve the people, Bull!

And now, dear Martin, fare-thee-well!
A nation sends thee thanks
Send us thy books, for all will sell
Like stock of rising banks
In gingerbread I'll mould a plan
Of thy dear face in full,
And every little Jonathan
Shall eat a Johnny Bull!

Life in New York.

THE LAST TRICK.

A city green-horn, a veritable cockney, whose real name it would be cruel to put in type, and so we will call the done-brown, Smith—was neatly picked of his feathers, by a sharper who happened to be laying out in Hoboken, a few days ago.

Mr. Smith was strolling slowly along the sea walk, enjoying the delicious breeze, when it occurred to him that by wiping the perspiration from his forehead his comfort would be proportionately increased. To this, however, it was necessary to raise his hat, and the raising of the hat was the cause of his subsequent disaster. A paper fell from Mr. Smith's hat,—fell upon the ground unperceived by Mr. Smith, who passed on. But the sharp eyes of a fellow who lay stretched out on a neighboring bench, were upon the paper, and when Mr. Smith had passed, the bench lounger got up and secured the little slip. He cast his eyes over the writing and exclaimed with a gesture of vexation and contempt—

"Bah! only an unreceipted tailor bill!" And he was about to cast the worthless scrap into the river, when he stopped suddenly, looked curiously after the receding form of Mr. Smith and scratched his head as if perplexed; then his face brightened up, and slapping his right hand violently on his leg, he said, "Yes, that will do," and quietly followed in the trail of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, after refreshing himself with an ice cream and a glass of soda water at the Elysian Fields, resumed his walk towards the dyke, and had just entered the little grove beyond the Pavilion, when he became aware that some one had tapped him gently on the shoulder. He turned round and saw a good looking, middle aged man, in a plain dress, standing by him.

"Mr. Smith," said the stranger.

"Yes, sir, my name's Smith."

"John, of ——— street, New York," continued the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I have rather an unpleasant duty to perform," the middle aged gentleman said, pulling out at the same time a large pocket-book, and looking over the papers as if in search of a particular one.

"What's that," asked Smith.

The middle aged gentleman did not answer; he could not find the document he was looking for, and Smith was obliged to exercise all his patience. At length the paper was found, a law blank apparently just filled up. Smith was not allowed to examine it. The middle aged gentleman held it between his thumb and finger, looked Smith straight in the face, and repeated,

"John Smith, of ——— street, New York."

"Yes, yes, and what the mischief do you want of me," said Smith, with nervous trepidation.

"All right, Mr. Smith," remarked his companion, as he returned the paper to the pocket-book—"all right, sir, I'll trouble you to ride as far as Hackensack, if you please."

"Hackensack! and what must I go to Hackensack for, I should like to know?"

"By virtue of a warrant regularly issued, and which commands me, a deputy sheriff of the county of Hudson, State of New Jersey, to take the body of John Smith, of ——— street, of New York, if he shall be found within the limits of New Jersey, and the said body safely lodge in the jail at Hackensack, to answer the suit of ———, tailor, of New York, in the sum of fifty dollars damages, &c., &c. And may God save the Commonwealth of New Jersey," ejaculated the pretended deputy as he reverently lifted his hat, and recovered his wind.

"Fifty dollars damages," exclaimed the bewildered Smith—"why, that's my tailor, and I only owe him thirty-five."

"The amount expressed in the writ is only a form of law, sir," said the sharper-sheriff. "The exact amount of your indebtedness to Mr. ———, tailor, is thirty-five dollars and sixty-two and a half cents."

"So it is," returned Smith, "but what put him up to suing me in New Jersey? I have always been a good customer, and—"

"He sent in your bill on the 1st of July, and it would seem that you took no notice of it."

Poor Smith, his nerves were completely unstrung.

"I thought that blessed law was repealed, by which a poor fellow coming from New York to get a mouthful of fresh air in Hoboken, might be carried off to Hackensack."

"The Legislature of the State of New Jersey did repeal that law, in 1848, but New York having refused to give up certain persons charged with grave offences, committed in New Jersey, the Legislature, at its last session, re-enacted the law, and by virtue of that re-enactment you are now my prisoner," said the mock official, with solemn dignity.

"Well, all this is strange, and news to me," said Smith—"first, that my tailor should sue me, and second, that I could be napped in Hoboken."

"We live, Mr. Smith, in an age of strange and startling events," remarked the other, with the quiet emphasis and deliberation of a philosopher—"Europe, last New Year's Day, as little anticipated the storm of revolution, as you anticipated, on the Fourth of July last, this arrest. But look—Europe is heaving like an angry sea, and you are moving, or about to move, for Hackensack jail—this way, Mr. Smith, if you please. We shall find the jail wagon by the road side, yonder."

But Mr. Smith was in no hurry to mosey.

"I have only five dollars by me," he said, biting his finger nails with vexation.

"Precisely the amount of my fees," said the officer. "Now, Mr. Smith, you wear a watch, I see—if it is the value of the debt—we can easily arrange this matter without troubling you to go to Hackensack."

"The value of the debt!" said Smith, pulling out a gold lever—"why, it cost a hundred, and any pawnbroker would advance seventy dollars on it."

"You speak truly, Mr. Smith," remarked his companion, his eyes glistening as they fell upon the watch. "This is what I propose, Mr. Smith—pay me my fee, five dollars, and give me the watch, which I will send to-morrow morning to the tailor, where you can call and get it, after paying the bill."

"It is the best I can do, I suppose," grumbled Smith, as he handed over the watch and five dollars—"but, Mr. Sheriff, you must loan, or give me a sixpence to pay my ferriage over the river, and out of this cursed trap—that five dollar bill is all the money I have with me."

"Take a dollar, Mr. Smith," said the Sheriff, generously presenting a one dollar bank-note—"you may need some refreshment."

Smith took the dollar and put for the Barclay Street Ferry. The sharper leaned gracefully against a tree until his victim was out of sight, and then he stepped quickly on board the Pioneer, which landed him at the foot of Nineteenth street.

Poor Smith! He rushed to the lower ferry house—force to put himself face to face with the perfidious tailor.

"That bill is a counterfeit," said the ferry master, returning the one dollar note.

Smith begged his way over the river, and rushed down to his tailor's with his imprecations and complaint.

"Why, Smith, my dear friend; you've been drinking—you are crazy. I haven't sued you—I can't sue you in New Jersey."

"Yes, the law was re-enacted last winter in retaliation."

"Pooh, pooh—there's no such law there. I sent you your bill a fortnight ago, and have not thought of it since."

"Oh, yes, I got the bill—it's in my hat now, and I intended to pay it in a week at the longest."

Smith took off his hat—the bill was not there.—Then a light broke into his brain—he smote his forehead with his clenched fists. "Watch—five dollars, counterfeit one dollar—what a fool I have been."

True enough—if Smith had been a countryman; but he was a New York cockney.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

Selected Sketch.

THE SAILOR AND HIS DOG.

We were bound to Canton. We had shipped, in New York, the usual number of men for a long voyage—men picked up from the boarding houses and along shore—of the ordinary class, who had waked up sober to find that their money was all gone, and they must plough the seas for more. Taking one month's pay in advance, they put their "traps" into the forecastle of the Ivanhoe, and made themselves acquainted with each other without delay.

One there was, however, who did not so readily amalgamate with the rest. Suspicious eyes were cast upon him from the first; for, among a certain class of people, he who cannot enter into the spirit of the conversation, is looked upon with jealous eyes. But there was nothing ominous in the personal appearance or the manner of Bolen, for that was the name by which he had been shipped. He answered civilly enough when he was spoken to, but his thoughts always seemed to be far away, or he dwelt with the past instead of the present. I know not. Suffice it that he seldom laughed at our jokes. Perhaps he heard them not. He brought a middle-sized dog on board the ship with him, and his dog was as unsocial as himself. It was a harmless dog; but he played with nobody but his master, or I might say his *friend*, for the two were always seen together, except when Bolen was aloft, and then the dog would nestle in the chains outside the bulwarks and wait till his human companion should descend, sometimes casting an eye aloft when Bolen staid longer than usual.

A part of Bolen's meals always went to the dog; and there were sometimes surly whispers that this could not be, if we chanced to be on short allowance. Sometimes a piece of meat would be cast to the dog by one of the other seamen; but the animal, though he quietly swallowed it, evinced no sense of obligation, save a slight look of gratitude into the face of the donor: he showed no peculiar satisfaction, but returned to Bolen and placed himself between his knees.

In the night-watch, the dog came regularly on deck, and then he and Bolen were universally alone together. Then, reclining on the deck, Bolen seemed to hold intercourse with his dog, as a man with man. Perhaps this dog was the only memento of a happy and loving household—perhaps the sight of him brought back the memory of children who had played with him, and a wife who in the husband's absence, had regarded the dog as her best defender. A black cook declared that he had heard Bolen address words to his dog while the other hands were either distant or slumbering on the watch. But Bolen never slept. He and his dog kept awake through the whole watch. On one or two occasions a petty officer had shown some disposition to annoy the animal. Then a peculiar flash, for a moment, illumined the eyes of Bolen, followed by an expression of grief so deep and overwhelming that every one sympathised with his feelings, but without knowing exactly their nature. For Bolen was a bold sailor, and when we scudded before a gale, shortly after leaving port, he was placed at the helm, and his steadiness was noticed by the captain and applauded by an old sea-dog named Inott, who went out with us as a cabin passenger.

The petty officer still maintained his enmity against the dog, which had been greatly increased by the fact that he was afraid to harm the dog in Bolen's presence, and it was not easy to catch the animal separate from him. At length we reached the equinoctial line, and then whispers were observed to pass between the aforesaid petty officer and the mate; afterwards the captain seemed to be induced into the mystery, and the eyes of the latter glared rather wildly as he gazed forward at the forecastle. The dog seemed to perceive that something was going forward in which he was interested. He lowered his tail and slunk more closely to Bolen, and the latter appeared to feel that his dog was distressed and apprehensive, for he drew his hard hand softly over the yellow coat of the animal and looked about him for the cause of this change in the former meek confidence of the solitary favorite.

At length, on one calm evening, when the Heavens were piled with fleecy clouds, and all hands were enjoying the coolness of the night air on deck, some one hinted to Bolen that the officers believed his dog was going mad. More than that the informer had heard, but he mentioned no more. Bolen's imagination supplied him with the rest. He sat bolt upright, and the sudden paleness of his countenance was plainly visible through the gloom of evening. All that night, Bolen did not close his eyes in sleep. The dog and he were not separated for a moment. Bolen sat against the windlass, and the dog lay at his side with his head resting on the thigh of his owner, and occasionally looking up in Bolen's face with a mournful air, as if for protection, and yet with a latent knowledge that Bolen's influence was not sufficient to ward off his coming fate.

Soon after breakfast on the next morning, the steward came forward and asked for Bowlen's dog. Bolen was there, but his dog was not at his side. The steward went aft and reported progress, and soon afterward, the hasty, snappish tones of the aforementioned petty officer were heard—

"Hey there! forecastle; pass up that dog!"

No answer was returned, and finally the captain came and ordered Bolen on deck. Bolen slowly ascended the ladder, and as he disappeared on deck, a low wail was heard to proceed from the bunk occupied by the unfortunate man. The captain's quick ear caught the sound. He sent the steward into the forecastle, who found the dog covered up under the bed-clothes in Bolen's berth. The dog was immediately carried on deck. By the captain's orders, he was lugged aft; but as he went, he turned his eyes towards Bolen with an expression that seemed intended more to console the despairing man than to solicit his aid.

Bolen stood speechless on the fore hatches, and with an immovable countenance watched the preparations to throw his dog into the sea.

A weight was attached to his neck, and the steward threw him carelessly over the vessel's side. But the cord slipped off his neck, and the animal was soon swimming in the wake of the ship. Bolen had, perhaps, unperceived by himself, gradually edged his way to the taffrail, and he now stood looking over the stern at his dog, who was nearly able to keep up with the vessel, as the breeze was light and we moved very slow through the water.

This sight rendered Bolen nearly frantic. With tail erect, the poor animal paddled on as fast as possible, encouraged by the sight of his only friend. The first thought of Bolen was to put the poor animal out of his misery, and he begged a musket, which the captain willingly handed to him.

For a moment the eyes of Bolen glanced towards the petty officer. A terrible look was on his countenance, but it was soon succeeded by that expression of deep sorrow, now more forlorn and despairing than ever.

He aimed at his dog—he fired! The unhappy animal was wounded—*not killed*. The dog evidently knew the hand that had inflicted this cruel blow. He gazed at the face of Bolen, and even at this distance, the wretched man read the expression *et tu Brute* in the mournful look which his dog gave him.

In a moment the dog sunk beneath the billow, as if there was no longer a motive for exerting himself to preserve life.

With a wild howl of agony, the unhappy Bolen sprang upon the petty officer whose malice had caused all the misery, grasped him in his arms, and leaped with him into the sea. One frightful yell arose from the bosom of the officer, and the wave closed over the two men forever.

MOURNING IN ANCIENT TIMES.—The French Queens, before the reign of Charles VIII., wore white, upon the death of the King, and were called *reines blanche*. It was changed to black upon the death of Charles VIII., 1498.

Selected Articles.

WOMEN CAN'T LIVE BY PLAIN SEWING.

"Women can't live by plain sewing in New York," said a feeble mother, whose marred visage betrayed the brooding sorrow that preyed upon her spirits. A young daughter by her side spoke soothingly, but she only answered by the falling tear, and the quickened stroke of her needle.

The furniture in the room—not yet sent to the pawnbroker's—indicated that she had seen better days. Her dress and language bespoke true modesty and intelligence, and we knew enough of her history, and of that of too many others, to give force to the expression she had just uttered—enough, too, to make us wish to say to parents, "educate your daughters, so that they may earn a living by something besides plain sewing."

"Women can't live by plain sewing in New York." How, then, are they to live? There are scores and hundreds of widowed mothers, who have no other dependence. They wish to keep their children together, preserve them from hunger and nakedness, and more than all, from the besetments of vice. They are willing to rise early, sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness—to ply the busy needle

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,"

if they can only live honestly by the work of their hands. But when all efforts fail, and the sickening anguish of despair drinks up the spirits, then is their situation truly pitiable.

An illustration of this sort—fact, not fiction—will exhibit a case in point. A worthy mother, who had long struggled with the reverses of city life, and "wrought as woman can"—unaided, uncomplaining, but compensated for her unwearied toil while blest with filial love and obedience—a mother who had taught her children industry and virtue, and doted much on the oldest, an amiable, deserving daughter, who aided her, week in and week out, in the support of the family, by making vests at twelve cents a-piece—lately called on a friend of ours, weighed down with trouble. She saw above her moral horizon a dark cloud gathering, that threatened to sweep away her cherished hopes, and leave her desolate. She sought advice and aid, but sought it too late. The die was already cast.

Said our informant, the tale that mother told was terrible—it was also authenticated by other reliable testimony. The daughter alluded to was unconverted, was intelligent, was aspiring, of fair countenance, and a fair mark for the tempter. She said they had worked for professedly Christian employers, at the prices above named, earning a pittance barely sufficient to support life, and often want stared them in the face.—They could have obtained shirt making, at from ten to thirty cents, including trimmings, stitched bosoms, &c., but this would have been no gain. After a time the child became restive and heart-sick, her feelings became soured towards her race, and ambition wholly failed. She expressed her skepticism, and pained her mother's heart by uttering the belief that "*Christians cared less that she should be virtuous than they did to get the profits of her labor.*" The mother knew that there were those waiting for her, halting, whispering in her ear, "Why thus toil for nothing?" and seeking for opportunities to beguile her with enticing words; and she learned subsequently with surprise and horror, that her daughter's virtue had already paid the price of working at starvation prices.—*Exchange Paper.*

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The Rochester Democrat gives a graphic description of this novel work, which he calls the most sublime work of art on the continent. It makes the head dizzy to look at it; and yet it is traversed with as much security as any other bridge of the same width. We were present while the workmen were engaged in hanging the planks over the fearful chasm. It looked like a work of peril; but it was prosecuted with entire safety. Not an accident has happened since the first cord was carried across the river at the tail of a kite.

It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the work. Imagine a foot bridge, eight hundred feet in length, hung in the air at the height of two hundred and thirty feet, over a vast body of water rushing through a narrow gorge at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If you are below it, it looks like a strip of paper suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong the frail gossamer looking structure sways to and fro, as if ready to start from its fastenings, and it shakes from extremity to centre under the firm tread of the pedestrian. But there is no danger. Men pass over it with perfect safety, while the head of the timid looker on swims with apprehension.

We saw the first person pass over it—Mr. Ellet, the builder. His courageous wife soon followed him, and for two days, hundreds, attracted by the novelty of the thing, took the fearful journey.

It is worth a trip to the Falls to see this great work, although it is not probable that one in twenty will have the nerve to cross it; for, strange as it may seem, there were those who had no hesitation to slide over the awful chasm, in a basket upon a single wire cable, who could not be induced to walk over the bridge. And this aerial excursion is thrillingly exciting. A seat on a locomotive, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is nothing to it.

When you find yourself suspended in the air, with the roaring, rushing, boiling Niagara two hundred and fifty feet below you, if your heart does not flutter, you will have nerve enough to swing over Vesuvius. And yet the sensation is not altogether unpleasant. The ride itself, as the old lady said about skinning eels, "is nothing when you get used to it."

HER I LOVE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

I know a little hand—
'Tis the softest in the land,
And I feel its pressure bland
While I sing.
Lily-white, and resting now,
Like a rose leaf on my brow,
As a dove might fan my brow
With its wing.
Well I prize, all hands above,
This dear hand of her I love.

I know a little foot—
Very daintily 'tis put
In a precious little boot,
Where it hides.
Like a shuttle it ever flies
Back and forth before mine eyes
Weaving music for mine eyes,
As it glides
Well I prize, all feet above,
This dear foot of her I love.

I know a little heart—
It is free from courtly art
And I own it, every part,
For all time.
Ever it beats with mine in tune,
Ever an echo of mine own,
Ever keeping with mine own
Holy chime.
Well I prize, all hearts above,
This dear heart of her I love.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

The superiority of Newfoundland dogs in swimming is well known. The hereditary habits of these dogs, too, eminently qualify them for swimming. All dogs, however, can swim, although some dislike the water, and take to it with difficulty at the bidding of their masters. The bull-dog would appear the least likely to combat with a heavy sea, as the Newfoundland dogs often do, and yet the following circumstance is well authenticated. On board of a ship, which struck upon a rock, during a gale near the shore, there were three dogs, two of the Newfoundland variety, and an English bull-dog, rather small in growth, but very firmly built, and strong. It was important to have a rope carried ashore; and, as no boat could live for an instant in the breakers towards the land, it was thought that one of the Newfoundland dogs might succeed; but he was not able to struggle with the waves, and perished. The other Newfoundland dog shared the same fate. But the bull dog, though not habituated to the water, swam triumphantly to the land, and thus saved the lives of the persons on board. Among them was his master, a military officer, who still has the dog in his possession.

TO HELEN IRVING.

FROM THE LYNN NEWS.

As, looking to the sky, when day
Is slowly fading into night,
We watch our favorite star, whose ray
Is ever welcomed with delight,—

So have we hailed the dawning beams
Reflected from thy glowing pen,
In thoughts as bright as poets' dreams,
And rich as gems from fairies' glen.

And as upon its proud career
We see the planet upward rise,
So may thy path be calm and clear,
And bright thy passage to the skies.

No cloud of envy throw its pall
Upon the brightness of thy fame;
Nor blighting slander ever fall,
To mar the wreaths that crown thy name.

But, aiding truth, in glorious strife,
Be thine the blessed meed of love.
Bright flowers bedeck thy path through life,
Until thou shalt be called above.

Lynn, July, 1848. SISTERS

A LUCKY FELLOW.—"I say, Tom, isn't it lucky that that fellow's eyes are cocked?"

"Why so?"

"Because if they were a match, his red nose would surely set them on fire."

☞ He that hath a prudent wife, hath a guardian angel by his side; but he that hath a proud wife, hath a devil at his elbow.

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts is, beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen; and I may be excused for digressing from the immediate thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge, which is considered in Eastern and Southern countries the most unfailing manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. Those creatures fell in thousands and tens of thousands around us and upon us, along the sands on which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet; yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great, that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, almost bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance, as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honors of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavored to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column, throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out at sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.—*Lord Carnarvon's Portugal and Galicia.*

GEN. BUTLER'S POETRY.

The newspapers and magazines are now re-publishing some very sweet pieces of poetry written several years ago by General Butler. The following, written by him for a lady of this city just before his last departure for Mexico, has been kindly handed us for publication. We think it uncommonly pretty:

I beg thee wear this simple ring,
For one who oft will think of thee,
And feel most happy should it bring
Some passing memory of me.
Not when the smile is on that brow,
Tho' then thou seem'st some spirit bright;
Not when the tears of sorrow flow
To chase away that spirit's light;
Not in the crowd, that hollow cheat,
Where grief is decked in festal flowers,
And the free heart forgets to beat,
And folly draws languid hours;
Nor would I have thee think of me
When morning wears her robes of dew,
And wild birds wake their reveille,
And thou hast caught the morning's hue
No! let it be the twilight hour,
When musing memory loves to reign.
And gather up each gem and flower
That scatter o'er life's travel'd plain
No matter where my steps may stray,
Or dark or bright my fate may be,
Yet still through life's unmeasured way
Believe me a true friend to thee.

Louisville Journal.

OLD TIMES.

Washington's carriage was very large and splendid, requiring four horses to propel it, and occasionally six Virginia boys were attached to it.

It was cream-colored, globular in its shape, ornamented with cupids supporting festoons and wreaths of flowers, emblematically arranged along the pannel-work; the whole neatly covered with the best of coach-glass. It was of English construction.

Mrs. Gates, the wife of General Gates, was, in 1757, the only woman in New York who wore the *breeches* for her riding habit was composed of men's clothes, after the manner of those worn by the English ladies of that period.

The servants of the olden time were habited in damask breeches, broad-cloth vests, a broad-cloth coat of copper color, lined with black.—Some appeared, also, in leather breeches and glass buttons, black stockings and a wig.

The ladies wore cork stays, whalebone stays, and pack thread stays; the perukes were classified as top-tails, twists, and curls.

Black silk and satin was much used for bonnets; muslins were not worn at all; quilted Marseilles silk, or satin petticoats; white aprons; a cushion head-dress, the borders of which was called a balcony, were very fashionable.

Before the Revolution, the mush-mellon bonnet was in vogue; afterwards, the calash, or gig-top, and the straw bee-hive bonnet—the latter was worn only by old ladies.

The *bustles* of olden time were called bishops—a thing stuffed with horse hair; then followed a smaller affair, under the name of *cue de Paris*, also stuffed or padded with the same material.

The modern bustles have, like their predecessors, departed this life, being too much worn out to exist any longer.

The boys wore red cloth coats, their father's coats, with large cuffs, and big shirts, lined with buckram.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

LORD BACON.

In Lord Bacon's style of living, there was something that struck his contemporaries as peculiarly magnificent. The secret was, that he did everything in a high and natural taste. In compartments of his rooms, he had pictures painted on the walls, from the stories of Grecian mythology. His garden was laid out after the ideal pattern of his essays, with evergreens and other shrubs to suit every month in the year. His feeling, indeed for nature, was the main side on which his great philosophy ran into poetry; and vented itself in a very graceful, as well as grand enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom. He was fond of meditating in groves, after the custom of his predecessors of antiquity; and when he sat down to his studies in the house, he would often have music in the next room. He had the flowers and sweet herbs in season, regularly set upon the table, "to refresh his spirits," and took such delight in being abroad among the elements, that riding in an open carriage during the rain, he would take off his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him.

NEUTRAL PAPERS.

Some person makes the following remarks about neutral papers:—

"Now is the time, in the midst of an exciting political campaign, when neutral newspapers are particularly valuable and ought to be welcome visitants to every family. They attend to the things of the busy world generally, and are free from the noise and clamor of dispute. What a compound is a political sheet during a Presidential contest! Here you have a column or two of speeches by nobody knows whom, upon nobody knows what; there a column or two of gas, bagatelle and braggadocia; then a column devoted to the exposure of fibs by opponents; another to what seems to be the production of the same articles; and a large balance of party scraps, slops and dish water. We fancy that the public turn from these to a neutral paper with a genuine relish, as they would of a hot day into a shady avenue."

Wit and Humor.

THE IMPATIENT LADY.—"Pull away, ma'am, pull away!" said old Roger in the omnibus, as he saw a heavy lady dragging vigorously at the check-string; "another such jerk as that, and he must come through."

"Through where?" asked she, sharply.

"Why, through the hole there, to be sure; you were trying to get him through it, wasn't you?"

"No, I wasn't; I was only stopping the horses, Mr. Impudence."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "was that all? excuse me."

GOOD BREEDING.—A farmer who came up to town to visit his brother, having giving some offence to his sister-in-law, who piqued herself upon her gentility, by something that did not accord with her idea of good manners, she pertly told him he was very ill bred, and did not know what good breeding was.

"Why, look you, ma'am," replied he, "as for that, I consider myself quite as well bred as you, for all your fine airs—my mother had seventeen of us in sixteen years, and that I take to be *good breeding*."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—An old matron, "down east," employs a dog of the "*setter*" kind to hatch eggs.

A miller is about advertising the "*flour* of youth" for the benefit of superannuated persons.

A manufacturer of *combs* ought to be established for the use of candidates at election, with which they might "*curry* favor."

An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the "brick-bat."—*Boston Rambler.*

FONTENELLE'S GALLANTRY.—At the age of ninety-seven, Fontenelle after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her to his place at table, "See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me."

"Madame," said the old man, "if I looked at you, I could not have passed."

A POOR SCHOLAR.

One of our somewhat famed scientific and literary men of Boston was recently called upon by a very seedy looking man, broken down specimen of gentility, whose outward show, indeed, gave strong indication of poetic and esthetic destiny. After greeting Prof. B., the shabby gentleman went to state that he was in great destitution, sought charity, and hearing that Professor was a friend to the cause of education, &c., had called upon him as a *poor scholar* for relief.

"Poor scholar, eh? Ah! come in, sir; walk into my library, sir, I am a friend to literature, and shall be proud to assist the struggling effort of a poor scholar, always."

Reaching the library, Professor opened with a Latin display of his proficiency in letters, but finding that the alms seeker seemed not to comprehend the drift of it, asked him in considerable irritation—

"Why, sir, don't you understand the classics?"

"Class-ics?" replied the fellow, "Lord bless you, sir, what be they?"

"Heavens!" ejaculated the now *vexed* Professor, "did you not say, sir, that you were a *poor scholar*?"

"Yes, sir, so I be, a mighty poor scholar; 'taint my fault though, sir, *seein' I never had any schoolin'!*"

Slipping a few shillings into the poor scholar's fist, the Professor told him to—*slide.*

HANGING.—A Scotch parson in his prayer said, "Laird bless the great council, the parliament, and grant they may hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied, "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people."

"But, friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a *strong one*."

SEEING HER HOME.—A circumstance of rather a novel character occurred here on Sunday evening last, and which has afforded much amusement to the young ladies in town, not far from Bernard Castle, says the Darlington *Times*. A certain gallant young tradesman very complacently inquired of a proud damsel if he might have the pleasure of seeing her home that night.

"Oh, yes," she with a smile replied, "if you will go and stand upon the steps near the door."

SHARP PUNNING.—Two students, dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neck-cloth of the other, said,—

"I see you are *Grecian*."

"Pooh," said the other, "that's rather far fetched."

"No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the *spot*."

Original Poetry.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following was composed, on seeing a large flock of robins flying about me in the woods, uttering a wild, chirping noise, the only notes they are known by in this country—for it is a singular fact, that our musical robin red breast of the north is never known to sing in Arkansas.]

Cease, oh, cease, lift not the screams
That care hath thrown o'er early bliss;
Thy notes, tho' sad, tell o'er sweet scenes
That painfully compare with this.
Still, still my heart will follow back,
Will force this weary, shatter'd frame
To tread again its youthful track,
And fancy each loved spot the same
How oft I've watched thy crimson breast
When evening dews began to fall,
And heard thee sing the sun to rest,
With joy I never can recall!
Or when the dripping veil of night,
Bright Phœbus from the east had drawn,
I've waking heard, with pure delight,
Thy mellow notes salute the morn
Alas, how changed, and can it be
Such harmless things must be oppress'd,
For oh! how plain in you I see
Portray'd the image of my breast
Dear favorites, e'en from a child,
In tears I view your solemn band
Fly disconcerted, chirping wild,
Like exiles in a foreign land:
Keen want, I fear, hath sent you here
Expell'd you from your land and home:
Or you would ne'er, in wilds so drear,
From place to place so pensive roam
From you I turn to Fortune's frown,
To bear renew'd the blows of fate;
My weary heart is beaten down,
Till things once loved I seem to hate
For oh! the scenes thy notes recall,
Are like dear forms within the grave;
Still as the mourner 'bove the pall
My breaking heart the sight will brave
Oh! must this heart be ever bare
To recollection's fitful pain;
To hope awhile, then with despair,
Sink o'er the still unyielding chain!

MOUNTAINEER.

The Olio.

A LESSON IN COW-STEALING.—We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he had always managed to steal the *fat* cows; to which he gravely answered: 'Why, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow*, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

EXPIRING IN SONG.—A singular incident showing the effect of music upon a Canary bird, occurred at Roxbury, within the last few days. A lady of rare musical attainments was playing on the piano, when all at once her bird, who seemed to have been listening very intently, burst forth into a strain of song so loud, shrill and powerful, as at once to arrest her attention. Nothing like it had been heard before. The little creature's breast seemed actually swelling and heaving with his efforts to give vent to the conceptions with which his tiny heart was beating. All at once, at the very full tide of his melody, he was silent. His mistress took him from the cage, and he turned over in her hand and died! On dissection, it was found that he had completely split his windpipe, from top to bottom! This incident is literally true.—*Boston Transcript.*

REALIZATION OF CHARACTER.—It has frequently been disputed whether the actor should absolutely fancy himself the very person he is representing, to give it full effect. On this question we shall quote an observation of Dr. Johnson, who, on one occasion, conversing with John Kemble upon the dramatic art, asked the great actor—

"If he was one of those enthusiasts who believed himself transformed into the very character he represented?"

Mr. Kemble replied that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself.

"To be sure not," said the doctor; "the thing is impossible; and if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster, Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it."

HUMOR.—It has been said that all true humor rests upon melancholy, and doubtless there is much truth in the remark. All the higher class of writers, who have indulged in the quips and sports of the pen—the wild riot of wit, and the exaggerations of fun—have made humor the safety valve of a sad, earnest heart. "Humor," truly, says a writer, "is not levity—not insane slaughter. It does not result from a fortuitous juxtaposition of words or ideas, but from a deep sense of the contrasts of life, and the subtle harmony which may unite the jarring discords. Thus is pathos inseparable from humor. There are tears in its smiles; in its laughter, there are convulsive sobs."

RICH, DECIDEDLY.—A conductor on one of our railroads, the other day, seeing an individual "spreading himself pretty considerably," with his feet upon the damask cushion of the seat in front of him, coolly took a handkerchief from his pocket, and folded it up nicely, lifted up the feet of the aforesaid individual, and placed it under them.—Our friend appeared for a second to be in doubt about the meaning of this proceeding, and his hand apparently involuntarily sought his own handkerchief; but he soon comprehended it, his feet dropped, and he looked as if he was on the point of subsiding into his boots, and might be bought cheap for cash.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ The peach crop in New Jersey this year will, it is said, be unusually large.

SONNET.

SUMMER NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. M. L. BURNSIDE.

From the still darkness of this silent cell
Awakened fancy seeks the outward night
Where Dian scattereth her dreamy light,
Softly, as with a sleep-diffusing spell.
And wistful that the world is slumbering well,
Bending all earnestly from out the skies
The stars are watching with their tearful eyes
Few sounds the brooding quietude dispel;
And as discordant with the season's mood
Sink back in silence. Spread upon the ground
Heavy with dew, the shadows darkly lie;
The flocks lie nestled in the silent wood,
And human ill a short respite has found,
Since life's earnest eclipse has closed each weary eye.

Agricultural.

MANAGEMENT OF A DAIRY FARM.

Mr. Chauncey Beckwith, of Columbia, Herkimer county, presented to the Agricultural Society of that county, in 1847, the following statement of the products and expenses of his farm for that year. It affords an excellent example of the advantage of system and economy, and shows what even a "slender man, not able to do heavy work," may accomplish, provided he has the MIND for it. We copy from the *Transactions* of the N. Y. State Ag. Society.

My farm consists of 100 acres, situated seven miles south of the Erie canal, and is about 900 feet above its level. I have 63 acres under improvement, on which I have kept 2 horses and 21 cows; 37 acres to pasture, 35 to meadow, 6 to oats, 2 to corn, 1 to wheat, 1½ to sowed corn, 0½ to potatoes.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

Made 12,000 lbs. cheese, sold at 7 cts., weighed in the fall and well cured.	$840 00
Sold apples,	40 00
do butter,	20 00
Calves' skins,	10 00
	$910 00
Interest on 4,000 pd. for farm,	$280 00
do. 400 do. cows,	28 00
do. 150 do. horses,	10 50
do. 150 do. utensils,	10 50
	$329 00
One hand 7½ months, $12	90 00
Paid for days' works,	40 00
do. hired girl, 35 weeks, $1.12½,	39 38
do. mechanics' bills,	20 00
do. shorts for cows,	20 00
do. plaster,	12 00
do. cheese boxes and bandage,	35 00
	$585 38
	324 62
Permanent improvements, stone wall, &c.,	50 00
	$374 62
Seed grain not taken into account, as it is the product of the farm from year to year. Family expenses, besides appropriating a portion of the products of the form for such purposes,	120 00
Nett profit,	$254 62

I make this statement not for the purpose of boasting, but with a hope that other common farmers will be induced to make similar statements. It is believed that the statements usually made and published, are of farms in a very high state of cultivation, and if not extravagantly made, show a large yield and large profit, better calculated to discourage than to encourage farmers in moderate circumstances. The soil of my farm is gravelly loam, the timber mainly beech and maple, with elm and basswood, eighty acres under improvement; have kept cows two seasons: when I commenced, the farm had been for several years fed close by sheep, and was not in a good situation for keeping cows. My family consists of myself, wife, and four small children. I am a slender man, not able to do heavy work; have made the cheese and done some chores. Have kept my cows always in good condition; have fed hay usually during winter; when I feed straw, some meal is fed, so as to make the keeping equal to good hay; from about the first of March, I feed two quarts of corn or barley meal to each cow per day until the pasture is good; they are kept in good stables, and during summer are put up night and morning in a milking barn, near and convenient to the cheese room, and fed the whey with meal or shorts, the quantity depending on the situation of the pasture; commence feeding corn about the middle of August once a day, and the whey with shorts or meal once.

This fall after the corn was injured by the frost, fed a half bushel of apples to each cow per day, and late pumpkins, continuing to feed the whey, with shorts or meal, until they were dried off; have kept twenty cows for the dairy and one for the family. The yield of cheese per cow the past season, six hundred pounds, sold at seven cents; I think the extra feed, made at least one hundred pounds per cow; the cost of shorts was one dollar per cow; the meal being the product of the farm has not been in any manner taken into the account. The season has been dry and not favorable for dairying. I am convinced that good feeding pays well; the milk drawn from the cow is a monstrous draft, and if they are not well fed, they will run down and be poor in the fall, and the yield of milk small during the latter part of the season. The practice of sowing corn to feed in the fall, should, and I think will become general; if cows are well fed, they will be in good condition in the fall, which enables us to turn our old cows and such as are not good milkers, for beef to good advantage. I should put the cows up to milk if I did not feed; the trouble of feeding after they are up, is not great. The whey runs from the box in which the cheese is made, into a vat, and from that, by pump logs it is drawn into pails in the alley of the milking house. The cows being in two rows, with their heads to the alley, and a tub for each; the meal bin is at one end of the alley; from this to the cheese room, a distance of some ten feet, plank are laid to walk on, and a temporary roof over, so that we pass from the milking house to the room where the cheese is made, without being exposed to rain or mud; still this space is open for the circulation of air. I should feed my cows during summer, if it did not add to the quantity of cheese, as it is a satisfaction to see them look fine, and in knowing that they feel comfortable.

CHAUNCEY BECKWITH.

POTATO ROT.

We stated several weeks ago that this disease had made its appearance. It appears to be quite prevalent, and in some cases very severe. At this early period it is impossible to tell how far it will extend. It is probably as extensive at present as it has been in any year so early in the season, notwithstanding it has, until lately, been rather cool and dry—states of weather which are not considered conducive to the rot. But in years past, while, in this country, we have attributed the rot to great heat, in England an unusual degree of cold has been assigned as the cause.—*Boston Cultivator, of August 5th.*

HOW TO BREAK A COLT—A TRUE STORY.—"George," said a father to his son, "that stout four-year old colt of ours has thrown off every one who has dared to get on his back, and the man I last employed, says it is quite impossible to do anything with him. So you may sell him for what you can get, taking care to state these facts."

The next day George took the colt, and led him into a soft, spongy meadow, and suddenly sprang on his back, upon which he reared up, plunged, kicked, jumped, sprang forward, then sideways, sinking into the mud over his fetlocks, and sometimes up to his knees and gambrels, and when he found that he could not succeed in throwing his rider, he stopped and shook himself like a dog after coming out of the water. This last performance was a poser for George, but like the fellow who signed the temperance pledge, he "stuck to it," until the colt started for the road, when on he went, full speed, with his mouth wide open, running until he became quite exhausted. Shortly after this, he put him about, walked him home, rubbed him dry, gave him a little green grass out of his hand, with some water, and ever afterwards a better horse was never backed.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

INTERESTING PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT IN RELATION TO THE COMPOSITION OF THE HORSE.—By comparing the blood extracted from the different breeds of horses, it has been proved by the French chemists that their composition is naturally different; that from the thorough breeds, when exposed to natural decomposition, exhibits less serosity, or serum, than that of any other breeds, and consequently the solid, or coagulated part, is in greater proportion; it contains also saline substances in greater abundance, and of a different quality. The blood, too, exposed to the air, retains its fluidity longer than any other, and does not give out a fœtid odor like that of other horses.—*Exchange Paper.*

GARGET, POISONOUS.—In several instances, horses have been destroyed by eating garget, and it is not long since a friend of ours lost a valuable mare, to which this root had been administered as a remedy for some disease with which the farrier supposed her to be afflicted. A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer, says:—

"I do not think it is sufficiently known that garget is death to a horse. A neighbor of mine was in the habit of giving his horse ears of corn as he passed his stall. Passing one evening with some pieces of garget in his hand, and not having any corn, he offered the horse a piece of the garget, which he took, and he died in twenty-four hours."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

"HOW TO HOLD YOUR LINES."—The communication under this head, in our paper of July 1st, has called forth several responses from correspondents, and from exchange papers, all of which express disapprobation of the practice of placing the lines around the neck or body when driving horses at plough, &c. The reason is, the great risk of accidents, in case of horses taking fright or running away, from the sting of hornets or other causes. We have known serious accidents to occur in this way, and do not think the practice safe as to be commended. A good ploughman, with a good team, will prefer to have the lines over one handle of the plough.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

EGG HATCHING BY THE CHINESE.

One of the greatest lions in Chusan is an old Chinaman, who, every spring, hatches thousands of ducks' eggs by artificial heat. His establishment is situated in the valley on the north side of the city of Tinghae, and is much resorted to by the officers of the troops and strangers who visit the island. The first question put to a sight seer who comes here, is, whether he has seen the hatching process, and if he has not, he is always recommended to pay a visit to the old Chinaman and his ducks.

When I set out upon this excursion for the first time, it was a beautiful morning in the end of May. The mist and vapor were rolling lazily along the sides of the hills which surround the plain on which the city of Tinghae is built; the Chinese, who are generally early risers, were already proceeding to their daily labors, and although the greater part of the laboring population are very poor, yet they seem contented and happy. Walking through the city, and out at the north gate, I passed through some rice fields, the first crop of which had been just planted, and a five minutes walk brought me to the poor man's cottage. He received me with Chinese politeness; asked me to sit down, and offered me tea and his pipe, two things always at hand in a Chinese house, and perfectly indispensable. Having civilly declined his offer, I asked permission to examine his hatching house, to which he immediately led the way.

The Chinese cottages generally, are wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what Scottish cottages were a few years ago, but which now happily, are among the things that were. My new friend's cottage was no exception to the general rule, bad-fitting, loose, creaking doors, paper windows, dirty and torn; ducks, geese, fowls, dogs and pigs in the house and at the doors, and apparently having equal rights with their masters. Then there were children, grand-children, and, for aught that I know, great-grand-children, all together, forming a most motley group, which, with their shaved heads, long tails and strange costume, would have made a capital subject for the pencil of Cruikshank.

The hatching house was built at the side of the cottage, and was a kind of long shed, with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. Along the ends and down one side of the building are a number of round straw baskets, well plastered with mud, to prevent them from taking fire. In the bottom of each basket there is a tile placed, or rather the tile forms the bottom of the basket; upon this the fire acts, a small fire-place being below each basket. Upon the top of the basket there is a straw cover, which fits closely, and which is kept shut while the process is going on. In the centre of the shed are a number of large shelves placed one above another, upon which the eggs are laid at a certain stage of the process.

When the eggs are brought, they are put into the baskets, the fire is lighted below them, and a uniform heat kept up, ranging as nearly as I could ascertain by some observations which I made with a thermometer, from 95° to 102°, but the Chinamen regulate the heat by their own feelings, and therefore it will of course vary considerably. In four or five days after the eggs have been subjected to this temperature, they are carefully taken out, one by one, to a door, in which a number of holes have been bored nearly the size of the eggs; they are then held against those holes, and the Chinamen look through them, and are able to tell whether they are good or not. If good, they are taken back and replaced in their former quarters; if bad, they are of course excluded. In nine or ten days after this, that is, about fourteen days from the commencement, the eggs are taken from the baskets, and spread out on the shelves. Here no fire heat is applied, but they are covered over with cotton, and a kind of blanket, under which they remain about fourteen days more, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the shed teems with life. These shelves are large, and capable of holding many thousands of eggs; and when the hatching takes place, the sight is not a little curious.—The natives who rear the young ducks, in the surrounding country, know exactly the day when they will be ready for removal, and in two days after the shell is burst, the whole of the little creatures are sold, and conveyed to their new quarters.—*American Agriculturist.*

CROPS.—The accounts from the interior of Alabama are not so favorable for the cotton crop. The rains have been heavy, producing vermin and choking the plant. The crops throughout Ohio are unprecedented. It is estimated that Ohio will yield, this year, 28,000,000 bushels of wheat, over one third more than ever before in one year. In Louisiana the catterpillar has got into the sugar cane and eaten it with the same avidity as in former places it attacked the cotton. There promises, at the present time, to be a great yield.

Original Tales.

THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

went on—"But my father, oh, he loved me better and better; he only wanted to live for my sake, he told me so many a time. My poor father was a good man, sir, as good as you are, as good as Mr. Chester was; but he was so unhappy that God was very kind not to let him live only for my sake. But, oh, sir, I was all alone when he went. I need not tell you how we lived. It was in a cellar, and we were poor. You never, in your life, saw any persons so poor as we were, after father died. She would not work, and when I did not have enough to eat I couldn't do much. Oh, sir, it was a miserable life; and when I have told you so much, you will not want me to say any more about it than I can help."

"Say only what you please, my child, I will listen."

"One night, that was last winter, she had been drinking night and day, for a week. Two or three women had been in, and while they drank, I sat in a corner longing for them to go. They quarreled; my mother struck one of the women, and while they were swearing dreadfully, a policeman came in. It was Mr. Chester—that was the first time I ever saw him. I have told you about him, and how his child, poor, beautiful Isabella, came here with me; but I did not tell you that the nurse at Bellevue was my own mother. The doctors sent her away after that night, and somehow a few weeks ago she came up here to work for the children. Nobody knew that she was my mother, but, oh! sir, she looked very ill, and I said to myself, when she passed me without a word, only with black looks—I said, she is ill, I will take care of her; I will go to her at night with nice things that the matron gives me to eat; I will save them all, I will make her love me! I went up into the garret the first night, but she drove me away; I would not give up, but went again. She was very ill that night—living among all that fever so long had poisoned all the pure breath she had left. She was crying when I went up to the bed; I knelt down by the bed and began to cry, too. She did not send me away. She did not strike me, though I thought it was for that when she lifted her hand, but she laid the hand on my head. Indeed she did, sir, and then I felt she might be my mother yet!"

The child paused, the big tears that swelled up from her heart were choking her.

"I went to see her very often after that, for she was growing worse. I carried her nice things, and tried every way to make her love me. She was not always kind, but I didn't mind a little crossness now and then, for great hopes were in my heart. My father loved his wife, and I thought of him, and what a joy it would be if I, the poor thing he wanted to live for, could do something toward making her good enough to see him once more when she dies. Sir, may I ask you one question, if you want a thing very much, and think and pray for it—does not God sometimes bring it all about when you least expect any thing of the kind? It seemed to me as if He had done it when my mother complained of being so lonesome up there in the Hospital garret, and wished that she had something to read. She was a great reader, sir, once. I went down stairs trembling like a leaf and got the matron's Bible. She did not say a word against it, and I read to her a long time. After that she would ask me to read, and every day as she grew weaker and weaker, I could see that she was growing better, too. At last I asked her if she would let me bring you up to see her, but she was vexed at the idea of a clergyman, once or twice after that I mentioned it, but she still answered no. Last night as I was saying my prayers by her bed she began to cry quite softly, and then, sir, she rose up so gently and kissed me on the forehead. Then I asked her again, and she said that you might come—only she made me promise to tell you every thing about her first. But for that I would not talk of my poor mother's faults, though it is only to you."

The child ceased speaking, she looked earnestly into the clergyman's face.

"You will not go home until you have seen her?" she said.

"No, my child, I only trust that my poor efforts may be blessed as yours have been," and the clergyman went into the Hospital leading Mary by the hand. It was an hour before he left the building, and when he turned to shake hands with the little girl, you could see by the expression of his face that it had been an important and heart-rending hour to them all—over and again did that good man's feet tread those worn stairs, and each time his face looked more tranquil than it had done before. One evening he remained much longer than usual. Little Mary had been in the garret since morning, and there, about nine o'clock, the physician was called for the fourth time that day. He was absent but a few minutes. "You had better go up," he said to the matron, who met him in the hall. "That poor woman is gone."

Mary Fuller turned her head as the matron came into that dimly lighted garret. Tears stood on her cheek, but her eyes were radiant with holy light.

"Oh, madam, she was my mother! She kissed me! with her last breath she kissed me!"

"She died," said the clergyman, in his mild low voice, "she died with her arms round this little girl, calm and peaceful as a child."

"Go," said the matron, gently sending Mary to the stairs. "Go, my child, to-morrow you shall see her again."

The child went down, not to weep as they supposed, for there was a higher and more holy feeling than grief in her young heart.

The next day three persons stood by an open grave in the humble burial ground at Randall's Island. They were the clergyman from Blackwell's Island and the little girls, who had stood on the same spot in bitter grief but a single month before; out of his scant salary that good man had taken the dollar which paid for the grave that had been prepared. It was close by that where Mrs. Chester reposed. Side by side they laid the noble matron and the repentant sinner. The mild voice of the clergyman as it consigned dust to dust and ashes to ashes consecrated the grave of the erring and the good alike, and after that day the memory of Mrs. Fuller was held sacred by those young children. They never spoke of her errors, but of her tranquil and peaceful departure. In death the deformed had found her mother.

CHAPTER XVI.

The month of June had littered its path with roses, and now came July, with its crimson berries, its ruddier blossoms and its profuse foliage. On the Fourth of this luxurious month some gleams and glimpses of the great National Jubilee are sure to reach even the prisoners and the poor on Blackwell's Island. The sick children at the Hospital had a little share of enjoyment—simple presents of toys, cake and fruit were liberally distributed. The grounds produced an abundance of flowers, and it was marvellous how these little creatures managed to amuse themselves. The matron, the nurses, and many of the little patients were busy as so many bees that morning, before the sun had changed his first rose tints to the shower of vivid gold with which he soon boldly deluged the water. Among the first and the busiest were Mary Fuller and Isabella. They sat beneath a great elm tree back of the Hospital, with a heap of flowers between them, out of which they twined a world of bouquets, fairy garlands and pretty crowns—half-a-dozen little girls, lame, or among the convalescent sick, volunteered to gather the flowers, and some of the larger boys were up among the branches of the elm tree, garlanding them with ropes of the coarser blossoms. The birds were in full force that morning, as became the little republican rovers, absolutely rioting among the leaves, and pouring forth their music with a wild *abandon* that made the foliage thrill again.

"Now, now the sun will be up in no time. Run, Isabella, with the flowers—here they are, a whole apron full—I will be tying up more while you leave these!" said Mary Fuller, heaping Isabella's apron with the pretty boquets she had been preparing; "don't leave a pillow without them!"

Isabella gathered up her apron and ran into the house. Up the stairs she went with her fairy footstep, and glided into the wards. Stealing softly from one little cot to another, she left upon each pillow her pretty tribute, where the sick child was sure to see it the moment its languid eye was unclosed. When her store was exhausted she ran down for more.

"Did any of them wake up. Did they see the flowers?" inquired Mary, eagerly.

"Some were awake—they hadn't slept all night, poor things—but the flowers made them smile," was the cheerful reply. "Come, fill my apron again, and give me those large ones, with the white lilies, for the mantel-pieces. Won't the doctor be astonished when he goes up? They're better than medicine, I can tell him!"

Again Isabella's apron was heaped full, and again she glided, in all her bright, young beauty, through the sick wards. When she came down, an earthen pitcher, crowded with great white lilies, honeysuckles and sweetbriar, stood on the windows or mantel-pieces of every room. There was not a pillow without its pretty garland, or a few buds tied with the spray of some fragrant shrub. She had made the atmosphere of those sick wards redolent with blossoms.

"Now for the boys' hats!" said Mary, "here are plenty of soldier's feathers."

The boys cast down the straw hats from the tree, shouting for her to make soldiers of them, and each one clamoring for a red plume.

But the red hollyhocks did not quite hold out, so, perforce, some of the slender plumes were of yellow, some of snow white—for you never saw such hollyhocks as grew in the Hospital Gardens—and Mary had all variety of tints around her, even to a deep maroon.

When each straw hat had its plume, the little girls fell to ornamenting three or four large paper kites, and then they began wreathing garlands for their own heads. Mary twisted a beautiful wreath of white clematis around the dark tresses of Isabella's hair. "Nothing but white," she said, with a gentle sigh, "for that was almost mourning." The others arrayed themselves according to their own fancy, and when the sun rose high it kindled up a picturesque group enough beneath that old elm tree.

A troop of boys, with a red silk handkerchief streaming over them for a banner, their hollyhock plumes rising jauntily in the sunshine, and the tallest mounting an epaulette of red, yellow, and purple flowers, marched out with gallant parade from the shelter of the old tree. Tin trumpets, an old milk pail, and various other like instruments, made the air ring again as this war-like band sallied forth—a score of little pale creatures watched them from the Hospital stoop and the upper windows. Some of the boys were lame; some were blind; while others bore evidence of recent disease; but if they looked in these things like a company of volunteers returning from Mexico, it only gave them a decidedly more warlike appearance, and of this they were very ambitious.

Then the little girls began to seek their amusement. They played "hide and seek,"—"ring, ring a rosy," and a thousand wild and pretty games—for the place was so beautiful, and the day so bright, the little rogues quite forgot that they were in the Poor House, or had ever been sick in the whole course of their lives.—Mary and Isabella were a little pensive at times, but when all the rest seemed so happy, they could not choose but smile with them—and so the Fourth of July wore over.

There was a great tumult and glorious time on the Long Island shore that day. The children had a festival of flowers over there also—crowds of people were walking along the banks of the river; and you could see hundreds of gaily dressed visitors landing every minute from the water, while the children huzzaed, and flung up their hats till you could hear them across the broad river. Still it is to be doubted if there was more real enjoyment among them than our little band of convalescents experienced among the flowery nooks of the old Hospital. The hour for the cakes and fruit to be served under the elm surprised our little warriors down by the river.—When the signal was given, they marched along the broad walk, lined on each side with box, of twenty years' growth. Up the terrace steps—down again—through the grape arbors, and around the end of the Hospital, in gallant array, with colors flying, six-penny trumpets blowing, and the tin pails doing their best to favor the day.

Our little troop bivouacked under the old elm, amid a storm of fire-crackers, and a shout from the little girls—here gingerbread and fruit was served, and the girls began their games again.—Little Mary Fuller sat upon the grass, singing, while the rest formed a ring, darting, with their garlands and boquets, like a chain of flowers, through an arch made by the uplifted hands of Isabella Chester and a little lame girl who could not run. Nothing on earth could be more beautiful than Isabella was just then, with the white spray dancing in her hair, a pleasant smile in her dark eyes, and the faintest rose-tint breaking over her cheek.

"She is delicate as a flower, beautiful as a star!" exclaimed a soft voice, so far down the walk that no one heard it save the gentleman upon whose arm the speaker leaned. "Was ever any thing on earth so picturesque as that little fairy among the other common children!"

The speaker was a lady, perhaps forty five or fifty years of age, in a rich and rather youthful dress, of the most transparent muslin, and with a delicate lace bonnet, upon which a few moss rose-buds trembled. A large diamond that gleamed through her net glove, that covered a small and snowy hand, with another sparkling at her throat, bespoke uncommon wealth; and there was a tone of almost pampered refinement in her voice and manner.

"It is indeed a very lovely child," answered the gentleman whom she addressed, gazing with admiration upon Isabella.

"She is my choice. I will take her. I have determined!—was ever any thing so perfect found in a Poor House!"

"Let us inquire something about her first," answered the gentleman, gravely, "with all her beauty she may be a common-place child! Besides there is a probability that she has parents living!"

"No—no, I am quite certain she is every thing we desire!" persisted the lady, with enthusiasm, "but if you doubt it let us speak to her—how fortunate we chanced to come over here. I never could have endured one of those common-looking things we saw on the other side, but this is a perfect little beauty! You will see what a pet I shall make of her!"

The gentleman observed gravely that the idea of adopting a child was no trifling matter, and walked on till they surprised the little girls at their play. The chain broke, the girls scattered through the thickets like a flock of frightened birds. The lame girl dropped Isabella's hand and limped away, leaving the beautiful child all alone save Mary Fuller, who had stopped singing and sat quietly on the grass.

"I am afraid we have frightened your little friends away," said the gentleman, addressing the child, with a bland and gentle manner, "we did not intend to do that!"

Isabella blushed and looked timidly at the lady.

"I dare say they were not afraid, ma'am, they only felt a little strange to play before people they didn't know, I suppose! They don't mind the doctor or the matron in the least!"

"But you are not afraid of strangers?" said the lady, glancing at her husband. "You didn't run away and hide in the bushes when we came up, but stood all alone like a brave little girl."

Isabella glanced at Mary Fuller! She was here! The gentleman turned and looked earnestly at the deformed? There was something in her face that pleased him even more than Isabella's beauty.

"And what is this little girl to you?" he said, very kindly.

"Oh, she is every thing, every thing in the wide world to me now!" answered Isabella with tears in her eyes.

"Her parents took care of me before they died," said Mary, with gentle humility. "And now we are left alone together."

"And are you both orphans?" inquired the gentleman.

Isabella was weeping, she could not reply—but Mary answered in a faltering voice,

"Yes, sir, we are both orphans!"

"And would you like to go away from here where you will have a new fine home, with pretty clothes and books and birds to amuse yourself with?" said the lady, bending over Isabella and kissing her.

The child did not answer. She only turned very pale, and drew back toward Mary.

"Would you not be pleased with all those pretty things?" said the gentleman, who observed that Mary Fuller turned white as death when they spoke of taking Isabella away.

"If she can have them, too. Will you take her, sir, if not I would rather stay here!"

"But we do not wish to adopt more than one little girl," said the lady, hastily. "You have no mother; I will be one to you. In a little time you will forget all about the people here."

"I shall never forget her, ma'am," replied Isabella, firmly.

"Lead the child away and talk with her alone. This little creature seems intelligent, I will gather something of their history from her," said the gentleman, addressing his wife.

When Mary saw that the gentleman was about to address her, she arose and stood meekly before him, as she leaned against the elm.

"So, you would not like to have the little girl go away and leave you here?"

Mary struggled bravely with herself, her bosom heaved, she could not keep the tears from swelling to her eyes, but she answered truly and from her aching heart.

"If she will be better off. If you will love her so—as I do, as they did, I will try to think it best!"

"You will try to think it best," repeated the gentleman, and the smile that trembled across his lips was beautiful; "if she goes, my little girl, you shall go with her!"

"Me!" said Mary, lifting her meek eyes to his face. "Oh, sir, don't make fun of me. Nobody would ever think of making a pet of me!"

"No, not a pet, that is not the word, but if God prospers me, I will make a good and noble woman of you!" said the gentleman, with generous energy.

"Oh, don't, don't—if you are not in earnest—don't say this!" said the child, almost panting for breath.

"I am in earnest, heaven forbid that I should trifle with you for a moment. If we take the other child you go also. I shall adopt both or neither. Now set down and tell me all about yourselves."

Mary obeyed him with a swelling heart. She told him all that he desired to learn, though her voice broke more than once. When the gentleman arose from her side tears stood in his eyes. He sought Isabella and led her back to the elm tree, then he took the lady aside and conversed with her long and earnestly. The little girls watched her countenance in breathless suspense. At first it was dissatisfied—angry, but she had the will of a strong, just mind to combat against, and at last her face became tranquil, she smiled—yielded. In order to obtain her own beautiful pet—she consented to receive the deformed also.

"The Commissioner is on the other side. Let us arrange it all at once. He will be astonished at your choice, I fancy," she said, eager to secure her prize. "To-morrow we can start for home!"

The gentleman advanced toward the children.

"Say to your matron that we may call for you at any minute, and shall hope to find you ready. Tell her that you are both adopted!"

"Together, oh, Mary! we are going away, and together!" cried Isabella, casting herself into the arms of her friend. Mary answered nothing, her heart was too full.

The next day a steam-boat, noble and palace-like, swept down the East River, and upon the deck stood two little girls, hand in hand, gazing through their tears upon the Hospital. A group of persons stood on the portico watching the boat. The children threw up their little hands, but they were unnoticed. Then a tall gentleman took out his cambric handkerchief, and waved it toward the group. It was returned by the white flash of an answering signal.

"See—they know us, they are waving a farewell to you, little girls," said the gentleman.

"Oh, they were very kind to us, there!" answered the children, in one breath.

The boat swept on, and that was the last that the group upon the Hospital steps ever saw of those orphan children.

And now, gentle reader! our story is at an end. Not without an object, higher than the wish to produce a mere fiction, was it commenced—not without regret is it concluded. If many of the characters are fictitious, that of Mary Fuller is not of the number, nor are any of the scenes described in these pages mere pictures of fancy. Such events as we have narrated are happening every day in our city—not as we have combined them, perhaps, but the plans and the scenes are all too real. Since the time of which we write, there have been changes in the medical department at Bellevue; how far these changes are improvements, we, of our own knowledge, are not prepared to say.—Some after time it is our intention to follow the "Pet from the Poor House" to her adopted home—to trace the history of these two children in the new scenes to which they are transferred. But at present we take our leave very reluctantly of them and the reader.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters
My 1, 6, 13, 18, 11, is a county in New York
My 2, 12, 1, 5, 20, is a county in Georgia
My 3, 8, 11, is a county in Virginia
My 4, 16, 1, 12, 8, 17, 14, 11, is a county in Alabama.
My 5, 18, 21, 15, 16, 4, is a county in Michigan
My 6, 3, 10, 8, 21, 17, 16, 20 17, is a county in Virginia
My 7, 14, 9, 11, 6, 17, is a county in Illinois
My 8, 12, 19, 11, is a county in Ohio
My 9, 5, 20, 18, is a county in Missouri
My 10, 8, 17, 6, 1, 11, 8, is a county in Michigan
My 11, 16, 19, 4, 17, is a county in Georgia
My 12, 15, 8, 6, is a county in Tennessee
My 13, 16, 18, 14, 11, 17, is a county in North Carolina
My 14, 8, 14, 19, 3, is a county in Maryland
My 15, 6, 10, 4, is a county in Georgia
My 16, 9, 3, 8, 21, 6, 18, is a county in Michigan
My 17, 19, 16, 21, 6, 12, 16, is a county in New York
My 18, 5, 21, 8, 19, is a river in Africa
My 19, 17, 20, is a river in Germany
My 20, 5, 11, 7, 8, 17, is a river in Europe
My 21, 15, 8, 11, 18, 8, is a county in Virginia
My whole was the name of a celebrated American writer, lately deceased.

J. W. MORGAN, Jr.

CHARADES.

1.

Arise with my first when a journey you go,
Use my last if your horse is too sluggish and slow
In the prettiest gardens my whole has a place,
From its beautiful colors, its lightness and grace

2.

My first is sensible, my second innumerable, and my whole fatal.

PROBLEM.

Will any of your Arithmeticians give an answer to the following Problem:—Four men, A, B, C, and D, are living in reference to each other in the shape of an oblong square, whose corners are in rotation as they are here named. E is living at exact half way distance between A and B, and F is living at exact half way distant between B and C. From A to F is 90 perches, and from C to E is ninety perches. I would like to know by this, the distance that B is living from D.

D. DIFFENBACH.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What servant is it, that sits with his hat on before his master?

Ans.—The coachman.

☞ What liquid measure does a fool resemble?

Ans.—A butt.

☞ Why is water just frozen, like one of the cardinal virtues?

Ans.—Because it is just ice—(justice.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—John Wilkinson.

CHARADES.—Balustrade.—Eyeball.

A MATHEMATICIAN'S IDEA OF HONOR.—A graduate of Cambridge gave another the lie, and a challenge followed. The mathematical tutor of this College, the late Mr. V———, heard of the dispute, and sent for the youth, who told him he must fight.

"Why?" said the mathematician.

"He gave me the lie."

"Very well, let him prove it; if he proves it, you do lie, and if he does not prove it, he lies. Why should you shoot one another? Let him prove it."